

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1847.

MOUNT SINAI.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

"Hither, of old, the Almighty came;
Clouds were his car, his steeds the wind;
Before him went devouring flame,
And thunder roll'd behind;
At his approach the mountains reel'd
Like vessels to and fro;
Earth, heaving like a sea, reveal'd
The gulfs below."

MOUNT SINAI, a name familiar to all our readers, stands on a kind of peninsula, formed by the two arms of the Red Sea: one extending north, called the Gulf of Kolsom; the other extending east, called the Gulf of Elan. The Arabs call it Tor, by way of eminence; and sometimes Gebel Mousa, or Mount of Moses; yet it is exceedingly doubtful whether their Gebel Mousa is the real Sinai of the Old Testament or not. Modern travelers, among whom we may mention Drs. Olin, Robinson, and Durbin, think that Horeb answers to a group of mountains in the vicinity, and Sinai to a particular summit of this group. The distance of Sinai from Cairo is estimated at two hundred and sixty miles, or a journey of ten days.

The effect which the first sight of Mount Sinai produced upon Dr. Durbin and his company is thus described by that interesting traveler: "Not a word was spoken by Moslem or Christian; but slowly and silently we advanced into the still expanding plain, our eyes immovably fixed on the frowning precipices of the stern and desolate mountain, whose two riven and rugged summits rose some twelve or fifteen hundred feet above us. We were doubtless on the plain where Israel encamped at the giving of the law, and that grand and gloomy height before us was Sinai, on which God descended in fire, and the whole mountain was enveloped in smoke, and shook under the tread of the Almighty, while his presence was proclaimed by the long, loud peals of repeated thunder, above which the blast of the trumpet was heard waxing louder and louder, and reverberating amid the stern and gloomy mountain heights around; and then God spake with Moses: 'And all the people removed and stood afar off, and trembled when they

saw the thunderings, and lightnings, and thick darkness where God was, and said unto Moses, Speak thou with us; but let not God speak with us, lest we die.' We all seemed to ourselves to be present at this terrible scene, and would have marched directly up to the Mount of God, had not our guide, Tualeb, recalled us to ourselves again, by pointing to the convent far up in the deep ravine between Horeb and Gebel Deir."

The convent, which occupies a somewhat conspicuous place in our engraving, is called the convent of St. Catherine, and lies in a very narrow valley, a prolongation of Wady er-Rahah. The eastern mountain, however, approaches to within sixty feet of the walls, while the building itself stands partly on the base of the western. The edifice is an irregular quadrangle, of some two hundred and thirty feet in breadth, and two hundred and sixty in length. Its walls are of granite, and are flanked by towers. The entrance to the building is a small window, about thirty feet from the ground. The great door has been walled up for a long time. There is a garden, however, which is appropriated to ladies, and which affords egress to the inmates of the building by day.

The reader who has a copy of Dr. Durbin's "Observations in the East" will observe a difference in the plate there and the one given here. In explanation of this, it may be said, that the drawings were by different artists, and taken at different points. Both are correct; but we are inclined to the opinion that Mr. Catherwood, who accompanied Mr. Stephens in his travels, has furnished us with a very fair picture of Sinai as *it now is*. The convent, rocks, ravine, and travelers, are depicted with great naturalness and beauty; and whatever may have been the aspect of the mountain in the days when God spoke unto the Israelites by his servant Moses, it is savoring nothing of presumption, to say that the reader has before him a just representation of Sinai as it stands at the present day.

Before us, as we write, lies a fine walking stick, cut from Mount Sinai, and presented by Dr. Durbin to our friend Dr. Elliott. It is quite a curiosity in the Doctor's cabinet.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A GREAT MAN.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

AMONG the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the granite hills of New Hampshire, is yet echoed the name of Wilbur Fisk, one of the greatest and one of the best men that Providence ever sent to bless this fallen world. In looking over my pile of old letters, that blessed name appears before me; and I desire to give my reader some personal recollections of the man. I shall confine myself to personal recollections. I suppose that the life of this good man has been published; but I have never yet seen a copy. And, besides this, personal recollections, mellowed and softened by time, are much more interesting than borrowed and compiled accounts. Writers of books of travel often err in mixing up history and statistics in their narratives. What we want of a writer of travels is personal incident and sketches of scenery. For history we will read books of history, and for statistics we will go to the geography and the almanac. Nor do we desire writers of travels, or history, or biography, to sermonize or moralize. Give us the facts, and we will form our own opinions and draw our own morals.

I well remember the first time I ever heard of Fisk. It was some twenty-five years, or more, ago. The territory of the eastern states, now forming six conferences, was then all included in one—the New England conference. Our circuit was away up among the mountains, at the head waters of the great rivers of the east—the Penobscot, the Kennebec, and the Androscoggin. Our preacher had to go some three hundred miles to attend conference. On his return, the neighbors, from their mountain fastnesses and their secluded valleys, came together at the house of a good old father, who had entertained the preacher from time immemorial, to hear an account of his journey, and of matters and things at conference. What other descriptions and matters of news the preacher gave us, at that time, I know not, for my whole soul was absorbed by his enthusiastic account of a young man, of whom we had never heard before, but whom we could not forget after such a description. Our interest and our sympathy were greatly excited by his report of the address of Fisk to the conference. It seemed that, after finishing his education at college, he had entered the ministry, devoted heart and soul to the work, but that, after traveling but a year or two, his health had failed, and he was obliged to desist from preaching. It was the report of his address to the conference, on taking his leave of them with failing health, but a burning desire to be useful to the Church, without any hope of ever again being able to do effective service, which so deeply affected our hearts.

How much depends on first impressions! My

first impressions of Fisk, only from a description of his person and manner, and a report of a speech, gave me so high an opinion of the man, that when, years afterward, I met him, I could not have seen a fault in him, had he been ever so imperfect. On the other hand, so unfavorable have been, sometimes, my impressions of certain men, from the unfair description given of them, that, on personal acquaintance, I have found it difficult to appreciate virtues which they really possessed.

I first met Fisk some seventeen years ago. On my way to New York, during one of my vacations at the academy of which I had charge, I stopped to attend the examination at the Wilbraham Academy. I arrived at Wilbraham one day, after a fatiguing ride of a hundred miles by stage, for railroads were not then; and being a stranger in the place, I put up at the hotel, intending, after awhile, to call over and present a letter of introduction, which a mutual friend had given me, to Fisk. Before making myself known, I walked out to mix with the crowd attending the examination. I looked about the hall in the Academy among the teachers and visitors, to see if I could pick out the great and good man, of which I had heard so much. But I saw no one so distinguished from his brethren, as to enable me to say, *that is he*. My attention was, however, soon directed to a man of a youthful appearance, though gray hairs were sprinkled over his temples, and his brow was marked by wrinkles, not of age, but of care, and thought, and disease. His form was manly, though but of medium size. He was very plainly dressed, and unostentatious in every way. His countenance wore a mild, philanthropic, and heavenly expression. His eye beamed with benevolence and intelligence. He seemed very attentive to an old gentleman and an old lady, both of decrepid form and white locks, who were present at his side. Circumstances soon satisfied me that I saw before me Fisk, and his aged father and mother, who had come down from their Green Mountain home to visit their distinguished son.

At a convenient time, I presented my letter of introduction, and our acquaintance, then commenced, ripened into intimacy and friendship. I was with him much for the year following, and occasional correspondence was kept up until his lamented death.

The reputation of Fisk, as a popular and eloquent preacher, was very great. And it was all deserved. I have never heard one who excelled him, if one who equaled him. He would arise in the pulpit, and commence his discourse, calm, clear, and dignified, but without pretense or show of labored introduction. Often, in the early part of his discourse, he would be interrupted by that frequent cough, the sure harbinger of the disease which at last destroyed him; but, as he proceeded, his voice would become clear and distinct. There was a peculiar music in

his voice. Its key was plaintive. His dignified, and chaste, and polished periods rolled out in sounds mellow and sweet as the Orphean lyre. His subjects were usually such as take deep hold on the human heart. He would lay out his subject before you, and proceed to discuss point after point, in a manner clear and concise. As he proceeded, his eye would kindle up with emotion, his manner become energetic, and his voice more melodious, and more powerful. But he never stormed, nor spoke so loud as to strain or break his voice, or even produce a harsh or discordant tone. As you listened to him, your heart would begin to swell, and swell, until it would seem that you must choke. Then your eyes would become a fountain of tears, and perhaps you would sob aloud.

Reader, did you ever listen to the song of the May Queen, as performed by some skillful, sweet, and powerful musician? If you ever did, you may judge a little how you would feel under a sermon of Fisk; for such as is the effect of that splendid piece of music, when well executed, was the effect of the preaching of Fisk.

The last time I ever heard him was at Cazenovia, N. Y., some fourteen years ago. His subject was the words of Jesus to the dying man, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." How clearly did he exhibit the evidences of a future life, and how vividly describe the scenes of heaven and of hell! The immense multitude of people, listening to the tones of that eloquent voice, was moved by feelings of intense excitement. Tears and audible sobs gave evidence that the deep fountains of the human heart were broken up. But the discourses of Fisk were distinguished, not only for moving the passions, but also for acting on the intellect of the hearer. He dealt frequently in sound logic and powerful argument. Especially was this the case, when he had occasion, as he often had, and as every Methodist preacher in New England yet has, to advocate the distinctive doctrines of Methodism, against the old and the new antagonist creeds so prevalent in that country. The people of New England have always been more tenacious of principles than of practices. The Methodist community regard the doctrines of much more importance than the usages of the Church. They have indeed embraced Methodism for love of its doctrines, which appear to them both reasonable and Scriptural, and to which they are strongly attached. The preacher, therefore, whenever he boldly and powerfully advocates the Wesleyan theology, finds a listening audience. In the time of Fisk there was frequent controversy between Methodism and Calvinism, and some of his most popular, powerful, and eloquent discourses were preached at quarterly meetings and camp meetings on controversial subjects. Whenever he directed his clear and concentrative mind to any of these questions in theology, he would throw a flood

of light around the whole subject, and leave his hearers so well informed and so thoroughly convinced of the point at issue, that they would be troubled no longer by doubtful disputations.

Fisk was endowed with a wonderful insight of human nature. He could read men and things, even at a great distance. He understood the motives of human action, and the appliances necessary to move both individuals and the masses. But his power over the masses was greater than over individuals. He was too pure minded, too generous, too magnanimous, too much imbued with universal philanthropy, to suit the purposes of such as accomplish their plans of personal and mutual ambition by scheming and political management. He, therefore, was not remarkable for gathering about him cliques of personal friends, on whose influence he might rely for promotion. But his strength lay in the hearts of the people. His election to the Presidency of the Wesleyan University was a triumph of the popular voice, which came up from every valley, and down from every mountain of New England. At the first meeting of the Joint Board of Trustees and Visitors, held for the election of the Faculty, there was much opposition to the appointment of Fisk to the Presidency. There were three parties opposed to his election. A part of the Board of Trustees not being members of our Church, and knowing little about us, did not think Fisk man enough for the place. They even doubted whether the Methodist Church had any man qualified for the station, though they thought Judge M'Lean might do. Another party of the Board feared, for some reason, the popular influence of Fisk, and wished to stave off the election. To accomplish this, they nominated Dr. Adam Clarke for President. A third party felt reluctant to lose the services of Fisk at the Wilbraham Academy, of which he was Principal. But the popular voice demanded the election of Fisk; and, after much scheming, and consultation, all opposition was withdrawn, and he was elected by common consent.

Not long afterward, a member of the Board took Fisk one side to read him a lecture, and give him some advice. He reminded him, that the position he now occupied was one of much dignity, and the reputation of the University must be affected by his own reputation. He therefore advised him to preach but seldom, and when he did preach, to make a great effort. He thought it best for him to decline preaching on common occasions, and in unimportant places, and to reserve himself for great occasions, and for places where he could produce a sensation. "Sir," said Fisk, "sooner than follow such advice as you give me, I would give up my commission, and not preach at all; but, so long as I hold my commission to preach the Gospel, I shall preach it, whenever and wherever I find souls to be saved."

In his domestic and social intercourse, Fisk was a model of a good man. Always pleasant, always

amiable, always cheerful, he threw a charm over all within his influence. However reserved he might sometimes appear abroad, the moment you entered his social circle, or he entered yours, you would breathe an atmosphere of freedom and confidence. He was a constant and true friend. Place yourself unreserved in his hands, and you never need fear, lest your interest or your feelings should be compromised to promote his personal interest, or what he might deem the public interest.

The early death of such a man could but be deeply deplored. His comprehensive mind embraced all the enterprises of the Church, and of philanthropic humanity. He entered heartily into the details of all judicious projects of education and reform; and such was his standing and influence in the Church, as to secure the success of the enterprises in which he might engage. But he passed away from intercourse with human society, while yet he was in the very prime of manhood. Others have been found to fill the place left vacant by his death, as they had been found to fill other places left vacant by his successive removals from one station to another. And so it will be, reader, when you and I are gone. Our removal from earth will cause little more sensation, than our removal from the home of childhood to that of mature life. Life itself is but a succession of changes from one known state to another equally known. And death is only a change from a state known to one unknown. Our reluctance to change our place, or our state in life, arises from the necessity which that change imposes, of dis severing ourselves from local and temporary interests, endeared to us by habit and association. Yet the change is no sooner made, than new interests arise, new ties spring up, new associations are formed, and the former things are no longer regretted. The man would hardly be the child again, though manhood suffer sorrows, of which childhood never dreamed. There are ties binding us to earth—tender associations which throw a charm over life—enterprises in which all our energies are enlisted, and we know not how to give them up. Yet the spirit land may afford us new associations, and new enterprises, calling forth all the energies of the redeemed and disencumbered soul.

A SERIOUS THOUGHT.

MANY a marriage begins like the rosy morn, and ends like the snow-wreath. And why, it may be asked, is this? Because the married pair neglect to be as pleasing to each other after marriage as before. They forget that marriage has its to-morrow as well as its to-day. The storm is often preceded by the little cloud. Wedded unhappiness begins in trifles; and the life of the bitterest sorrow too often has its origin in some thoughtless word or insignificant expression, which none ever thought possible of causing dissatisfaction or unhappiness.

RELIGIOUS POETS.

BY LEWELLIN.

THE present age is distinguished by at least one poet, whose purity of sentiment and fervor of purpose are not surpassed by those of Cowper, and that poet is James Montgomery, of Sheffield, England. Mr. Montgomery won his reputation amid the hottest competition. The firmament was all on fire with the blaze of Crabbe, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, Campbell, Rogers, and Wordsworth. But he was not to be discouraged in his efforts. He toiled assiduously, and, as the result of his toils, he now enjoys a fame whose compass and solidity forbid all thought of its decay.

We often read his poems; and never can we take up a copy of his works without feeling that, for all we read, we are a better man than we were before. We become actuated by higher and holier aspirations, and feel that of man's duties on earth the first is to glorify God and enjoy him for ever. Some of Mr. Montgomery's minor pieces are inimitably beautiful. His stanzas on Religion are an example. We give the closing lines:

"Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

At her approach the grave appears
The gate of Paradise restored;
Her voice the watching cherub hears,
And drops his double-flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain—
Rise when the host of heaven expire,
And reign with God, for ever reign!"

Mr. Montgomery is still living, beloved for his piety, and admired for his genius, calmly awaiting the hour when his Redeemer shall welcome him home. May we so live, that when life's short day with us is done, we too may reign in that bright world where

"All for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
'Take the kingdom—it is thine,
King of kings and Lord of lords!'"

MORALS AND LITERATURE.

LORD BYRON is prince of the Satanic school of poetry. In no productions of modern times is the reciprocal influence of morals and literature so distinctly seen as in his. His character produced his poems, and there can be no doubt his poems will produce such a character as himself. His heroes speak a language supplied rather by consciousness than imagination. He was himself miserable; and his writings breathe forth, in tones of agonized sensibility, the state of his own heart. He was a misanthrope; and his *Manfred*, like a ruined castle, is mantled in the deep gloom and shade of desolation and sorrow.

CONSCIENCE.

—
BY PROSER.
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OF all the disputes in which philosophers ever involved themselves, it seems to me that one of the most absurd is that which relates to the existence of a natural conscience. Before the time of Bacon, it was customary to examine all kinds of questions purely on principle, without condescending to the vulgar, mechanical process of experiment. For example, there was once a great discussion upon this proposition: Take a vessel containing water and weigh it; then put in a fish, no matter of what size; the weight will remain exactly as before. Many arguments were advanced on both sides. The dispute waxed warm, and continued long. At length, when ingenuity was exhausted, and the question still unsettled, it occurred to some one, of a more practical turn than the rest, to get a pair of scales, and try the experiment; when, lo! it turned out that the proposition was untrue. The weight *was* increased exactly as much as the fish weighed when out of the water.

In like manner, those who reason abstractly about conscience would soon become satisfied, if they would observe what is passing within themselves. As surely as there is a heart in the breast, and a brain in the head, there is a conscience somewhere. No man can tell where it lies, or define its nature; but who among us has not felt it thrilling along his nerves, or shooting, like an ice-bolt, through his heart, or sending the warm blood bounding and tingling through every vein in his body? Sometimes it has been a glow of delightful approbation, and too often, alas! the scorpion sting of remorse. These sensations are *spontaneous*: we feel them before we can begin to reason about consequences. Our senses may deceive us, and we may reason ourselves into false conclusions; but an enlightened conscience seldom errs, and it pronounces its decision before sophistry has mustered its arguments.

Such being the nature of this faculty, should we not cherish and cultivate it as our safest counselor, as our truest guide, as the most precious gift which God has bestowed upon us?

As the compass to the mariner on the ocean, so is conscience to us in the voyage of life, enabling us to keep on our course in spite of darkness and tempest, and pointing ever to the haven of rest and safety. Yet, whilst the limbs and muscles of youth are developed by gymnastic exercises, and the mind trained in schools and colleges, how often is the conscience allowed to grow up in utter neglect! Perhaps some may suppose that it needs no culture; that it will flourish in the midst of neglect, and continue to work truly, though its indications are never heeded. Such, at least, would seem to be the opinions of those who maintain that the sins of men are expiated in

this life. According to this creed, the more the conscience is wounded the more sensitive it becomes; and it punishes the same transgression more severely in the hoary headed sinner than in the inexperienced youth. It is to this fatal error that I wish to direct the reader's attention.

If this creed, which is held by a certain class of community, were true, then it would seem that virtue and happiness, guilt and misery should be inseparable among men. If our accounts are to be finally balanced in this life, then every good deed should bring its prompt reward, and every evil deed its speedy punishment. Self-satisfaction and happiness would then be conclusive proofs of virtue, whilst self-abasement and suffering would be infallible marks of guilt. But observation teaches us a different lesson. We see the best of men suffering from a consciousness of their own imperfections, and the worst of men exulting over their successful villainies.

On the supposition we are considering, conscience must be considered as a hostile influence, whose only office is to scourge us for our sins; whilst, in truth, it is a friendly monitor, which warns to save, and chastises to reform us. But, although it is our best friend and our most faithful guide, its devotion may be wearied out, and its vigilance lulled to sleep.

Most persons, it is true, suffer more or less for their misdeeds; but this only proves that few have attained that dreadful peace which is built on the ruins of conscience. But that state of desolate repose will be reached at last by the persevering criminal. Thenceforth he may pursue his career of guilt unmolested until death shall summon him to the bar of judgment. It is a dreadful consideration, reader, that this fatal victory over conscience may be gained; that when you have been flattering yourself that you were growing more enlightened, and emancipating yourself from superstitious fears, you were perhaps only weakening this vital principle of your moral nature.

If these reflections be just, the necessity of a future state of rewards and punishments is apparent. Those who deny that there is such a state, unless they be obstinate Atheists, admit that we are under a moral and a just government, but contend that rewards and punishments are dispensed in this life according to our deserving; and, as happiness and misery depend merely on the state of the conscience, it is, in fact, according to them, the final dispenser of justice. But, in fact, conscience troubles the hardened criminal less than the casual transgressor; and, therefore, if there be no retribution after death, the surest way to escape punishment would be by a bold and reckless career of crime, to silence the voice of conscience as soon as possible. He who cultivates his moral nature, is, it would follow, only cherishing a serpent to sting him. All justice and morality would thus be excluded from the government of the

world. But even the Atheist believes that the principle of order which he worships would prevent such a moral chaos as this. The only escape from the difficulty is through the admission, that the inequalities of this life will be made up in the next, by the apportionment of an infallible Judge.

JOY IN HEAVEN.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERSILL.

We have reason to believe, when one of the sons of apostate Adam is introduced into the Church militant, be he "barbarian, Scythian, bond, or free," it heightens the joy of heaven. Whether it be a diminutive Esquimaux, amid the everlasting snows and frosts of the north, or a sable son of Africa, on the burning plains of the south, "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." As one after another becomes "an heir of God," and "a joint heir with Jesus Christ"—lives faithfully, fights valiantly, endures manfully, and "so has an entrance administered unto him abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ," God furnishes him with his robe, and palm, and crown, and mansion. And though a nation be born in a day, he is at no loss to provide for them. He is not obliged, in consequence of additions to his family, either to lessen the portions of his other children, or, by pains-taking industry, acquire more property. Those happy spirits, "in blissful regions high," who already inhabit the city of God, will be none the poorer because God is bringing other sons to glory. Increasing their number multiplies and heightens their joy. As other individuals are introduced into their happy community, they feel the richer, love their Savior the better, his heaven the more. As other members are received into the family of the first-born in heaven, their ideas of the Divine munificence are enlarged. Acquaintance with the history of their new friends, not only interests and instructs, but affords them fresh proofs of his mercy and his grace. When sons and daughters are born of the Spirit in the Church militant, angels rejoice. When "they die in Jesus," they are carried by the angels to Abraham's bosom. Though an "innumerable company, which no man can number, from every nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue," will find their way to that better Canaan, there will be crowns, and palms, and robes, and mansions for all—"enough for each, enough for all, enough for evermore."

"I see a countless, happy throng,
In the blissful regions high—
White robes, gold crowns, and lofty song,
With harps in harmony.
Faith cheers the hearts of God's humble poor:
Poor though I be, whenever
I think of yonder heavenly rest,
I feel I am blest for ever."

TEARS.

BY MARGARET.

THE sentiment has obtained somewhat extensively, that tears are unworthy a courageous disposition, and evince peculiar weakness and imbecility of mind. If this be true, however, we are at a loss to determine whether Homer has been faithful in his delineation of the Grecian hero, Achilles, who, it seems, with all his valor, occasionally gave way to tears. Thus, in the case of his loss of his love, Briseis, the poet tells us he went weeping along the shores of the salt sea, and would not be comforted, because of his misfortune. Æneas, too, who was likewise a great hero and warrior, gave vent to the most immoderate grief, when he beheld, in the temple of Carthage, a picture of his friends sacrificing their lives in behalf of their country.

Other examples might be given of great men and heroes weeping; but they are unnecessary. There is one example, however, which we should never forget: it is that of the Redeemer of mankind. See him standing over Jerusalem, exclaiming, in the tenderness of his heart, and with tears streaming from his eyes, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that stonest the prophets, and killst them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thee under my wings as the hen doth her brood, but ye would not!" See him yet again at the tomb of Lazarus. How compassionate, how sympathizing, how ready to mingle his tears with the tears of the mourners there assembled!

No! tears are not a sign of weakness. There is a sacredness in them—there is beauty and divinity connected with them. Speak, then, no ill of tears, but know that others, better and mightier than yourself, have wept, and wept in strains of the deepest sorrow.

"No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Nor the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre, as the tear that breaks,
For others' woe, down virtue's manly cheeks."

THE FAILINGS OF GENIUS.

THE elegance and fine sympathy which pervade the writings of Goldsmith are proverbial. From them it would seem that their author lived in perpetual sunshine, and that he had the smile of love perpetually on his brow, and the milk of human kindness ever in his heart. Yet how different! Ill-fated Oliver! he was always in a jealous and irritable mood when in society—always whining and complaining. When, on a certain occasion, a lampoon appeared in a newspaper, on "Oliver Goldsmith, Esq., M. D., et cetera," his rage was unbounded. He promised and attempted to give the editor a sound flogging, but failed in the attempt, and in lieu thereof was soundly flogged himself.

THINGS THAT LAST FOR EVER.

—
BY FLORIO.

"WORDS are the only things that last for ever," said William Hazlitt, a late English author. Some may be inclined to pronounce the saying a splendid paradox, destitute of every particle of truth, and made by him only to elicit praise for his having conjured up something singular and extravagant. But, seriously, the expression, whether singular or otherwise, is literally true. All the works of man tend to ruin. Temples, palaces, cities, amphitheatres, and pyramids crumble silently to dust. They may stand the storm of ages, and seem to speak themselves eternal; but the restless tooth of time is working at their boasted magnificence and strength, and soon no vestige of their greatness will remain. An earthquake may swallow up the pyramids of Egypt, and leave the sand of the desert as desolate as the sand upon the beach of the ocean shore.

Look over the past, and see what of it we have, save the words in which its history is recorded. Its grandeur is lost, and nothing but a few moldering ruins tell us what it once was. But the words of the past still have a voice. They speak to us, and they will speak to all posterity. They have maintained existence and dominion amid all the ruins of time, and will live in all ages to come, asserting that dominion in tones which cannot be mistaken, and which no vicissitudes of this world can impair or destroy. What a lesson to writers and authors is here presented, to be few and well-chosen in their words, and how fearfully careful should they be to write none "which, dying, they would wish to blot!"

NEATNESS.

—
BY CRITICUS.

ACCORDING to Lord Bacon, a well-dressed man is a perpetual letter of recommendation; by which I suppose he means, that such a one will always have a sure passport through the realms of civility and all good society. The orator who makes a judicious exordium, will be very likely to secure the attention of his auditory; while he who gives an awkward, bungling introductory, will be almost certain to excite the disgust of those who hear him. So with the individual who is introduced into good company. If well and neatly attired, he will secure the respect of those present; but if slovenly dressed, no favorable augur will be made respecting his character and personal habits.

A sloven certainly is no very amiable character. To see one's hair uncombed, or dangling about in a confused manner—to have a shoe on slip-shod, with a hole in the stocking just large enough to show half

the heel—to have "dirty fingers, and marvelous foul linen," may suit that tribe of beings who aver that a wilderness of hair and a slouched hat are demonstrative of a well-stored brain, and that genius always trudges about in unbuckled shoes; but such things will not suit us. We make allowance, of course, for men of business, and would not insist that a smith from his shop, or a farmer from the field, should look as tidy as the clerk at the counter, or the young lady in the drawing-room. These we know how to pardon; but to see any one, especially a young lady, who has nothing to do but to keep herself trim, we say, to see such a one, at any time, ill and slovenly dressed, is argument sufficient for us that she loves leisure, and will make the poor fellow keenly smart who is so unfortunate as to be her partner for life.

THE LOVE OF APPROBATION.

—
BY AN ELDERLY MAN.

*"Magnum hoc ego duco,
Quod placui tibi, qui turpi secernis honestum
Non patre preclaro, sed vita et pectore puro."*

HORACE.

A FEW days ago, Mr. Editor, I was turning over the leaves of a new book, being a collection of the satires of Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Martial, recently presented to me by a German friend. While thus carelessly engaged, my eye happened to fall on the lines of Horace which I have set as a motto to this piece. The bard, it seems, expresses satisfaction, that he had given pleasure to one who reflected distinction upon virtue, not by his honorable birth, but by his life and pure heart. This satisfaction, sir, is precisely that reward which, I suppose, is sought for by the sentiment called love of approbation, when under proper regulation. The mere love of praise, without regard to the source or occasion of it, is the perversion of this sentiment; but to desire the approval of good men is worthy the character of the most pure and unassuming. I do not wish to write an essay on the subject, but heartily to recommend it to your youthful readers.

DEATH OF GROTIUS.

ALMOST every one has heard of Grotius. He was one of the most learned men the world ever saw. Yet, with all his learning, he is said to have exclaimed, when dying, "Alas! I have spent all my life in doing nothing." To a young friend, who attended him in his last moments, and who asked of the philosopher to give him one short direction how to lead his life, he only said, "BE SERIOUS!" What a comment to youth to be sober-minded, and to so live, that when the summons of death is heard, they will have nothing to do but to arise and depart!

THE GREAT CHANGE.

BY ORCATUS.

DEATH is the universal doom. The flower of the valley springs up, blooms for awhile in variegated beauty, but perishes as soon as the gray livery of autumn is thrown over the face of nature. The oak of the forest, through whose branches the winds of heaven have whistled for centuries, and which, at all times and seasons, has been the retreat alike of bird and beast, is at last prostrated by the resistless tornado. Man himself, whom God has distinguished above all the works of his hand, and who stands proud lord of creation's realms, has within him the seeds of death, and finally yields to that stroke which severs him from friends and life, and consigns him to the quiet of oblivion.

We look around. Everywhere we are admonished of our mortality—the monuments of the grave stand on every hand. We gaze; we sigh; we look around; “we sink, lamenting or lamented, all the same.” How true, yet beautiful the language of the inspired writer: “Man, that is born of woman, is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not. There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease, though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet, through the scent of water, it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?” What emblems of human life and human frailty have we here, and what a mournful lesson of the uncertainty of life is taught us too!

“Years following years steal something every day:
At last they steal us from ourselves away.”

Let death and reflections upon death have their due weight upon our characters and minds. We cannot be too soon nor too well prepared to render our account to the Judge of all the earth. We cannot dwell too much on heaven and hell, God and eternity. We are spared, it is true. We are neither dead nor in the world of despair; yet we know not how soon we may be called away: the angel may be on his way to execute his solemn commission, and already death may have marked us for his victims.

But while we all must die, blessed be God, we have a rock of defense and safety. Our Redeemer, though once offered for our sins, will never be offered again: he will die no more. His years know no change; his love has no end; his mercy is from everlasting to everlasting; his ear is ever open to our cry. Still, then, let us supplicate his throne; still let us seek his guidance; and still let us pray that prayer of earnest, agonizing faith,

“O Thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;

Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery!
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.”

“GATHERINGS OF THE WEST.”

BY MRS. E. C. GAVITT.

AH! treasures from the far-famed west:

And what are they, pray tell?
What has the west in brilliants rare,
That will with eastern gems compare,
Where precious jewels dwell?

The treasures of the east were sung
On harps, in days of old;
But now, alas! each harp and lyre
Vibrates to poesy's genial fire,
And sings of western gold.

What treasures hast thou gathered,
Thou gleaner of the west?

Ah! here's a jewel from that realm:
'Twas found beneath the hallowed elm,
Which shades a cherub's rest.

Choice gems, and jewels far more rare,
Than found in precious mines,
Are gathered near that sacred tree,
To sparkle with their brilliancy,
In pure sweet classic lines.

And here are diamonds bright, to deck
And radiate thy page;
Historic gems of ancient lore—
A theme the erudite adore,
And master pens engage.

And here's a crystal, pure and bright,
The value of the soul;
O, that its sacred rays may win
Bright jewels from the realms of sin,
To love's divine control!

Here gentle hands have twined a wreath
Of aromatic flowers,
 Emitting from each fragrant part
A charm to fascinate the heart,
And cheer life's passing hours.

Then gather on your precious store,
Sweet gatherer of the west;
In gathering thou dost scatter still;
The precious gems thy pages fill
Are numbered with the best.

HOPE.

FAIR hope, thou only star whose beams
Benignant cheer the waste of life,
Still guide my footsteps here, and bring
At last to endless life in heaven.

MISCELLANIA.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

AMONG my correspondents of olden time, was a lady, whose last letter was written twenty years ago this very day. I first became acquainted with her while I was teaching a small school in the interior of New England. I well remember the day I first passed her dwelling. A funeral procession was forming at the door, and there was borne over the threshold a little child, arrayed in its beauty and loveliness for the grave, followed by the father and mother, and a whole family of little brothers and sisters. I was but a youth—a mere boy, among strangers, friendless and alone—trying to acquire, by teaching school, the means of paying my own expenses for a few weeks at the academy. The lady, the mother of the lost child, a few days after my arrival, invited me to her house. Of course, I went; for I felt greatly the need of sympathy and kindness. Indeed, few know how much the young man, especially the student, away from home, pines for a mother's affection and a sister's love. I found her surrounded by wealth and friends, and a large family of lovely children. On entering her house, I was received with a welcome so hearty as to make me feel at once perfectly at home, and to win my most implicit confidence. I felt that I was captivated; for such a woman could wield over me an influence irresistible. And how judiciously did she use that influence. She became to me all that a mother could be. She was a woman of much intelligence, of excellent taste, of generous sympathies, of philanthropic liberality, and of deep religious feeling. After my engagement at school-keeping was out, and I returned to my studies, she became my weekly correspondent. Her letters would form a good sized volume, and are worthy of being read, and reread again and again. From no means, in the whole course of my intellectual, moral, and religious training, did I receive more aid than from her letters.

I have heard much, and read much of female influence; but in no way might an intelligent, accomplished, and pious lady, exert a greater influence over an individual, and, through him, over society, than by such a correspondence as that good woman condescended to hold with a poor boy. Young men, at college, are usually thrown together in masses, out of the range of family organization, and deprived of the humanizing influences of judicious female society. In such circumstances, they are liable to contract habits of mind and of conduct unfitting them for society. They sometimes become rough and uncouth in manner, morose in temper, and indifferent in their religious feelings. Under such circumstances, a weekly correspondence with an intelligent and interesting lady, supplies the place of home in a

VOL. VII.—42

youth's heart. He sits down to read the letter, with subdued spirit and softened heart. His habits of thought become polished, his sentiments refined, his principles of virtue strengthened, and his whole nature humanized. Especially is the influence of such a correspondence felt with the most beneficial results on one who has neither mother nor sisters; but whose heart is as homeless as Noah's dove.

For some two years was this correspondence regularly kept up; and I had, also, an opportunity, during vacation, of spending, once or twice a year, a day or two in the family. During one of my visits, it was twenty summers ago, I saw on the cheek of my gentle one, whom I had learned to look on as a guardian angel, unmistakable indications of the approach of the destroyer of the beauty and the bloom of New England—consumption. She seemed unconscious of danger, nor were her family at all apprehensive of any thing in her condition of health requiring attention. She had taken cold, and was troubled with a slight cough. But I had learned to watch the approach of that pale spectre, that had already summoned away from my side many a loved one.

A few weeks were sufficient to develop the disease in its most fatal form; that form, under which the patient, without pain and in cheerful spirits, gradually, but surely, descends to the grave. She soon saw the inevitable result, and calmly, as the child would repose in its cradle, she resigned herself to death. To us, in health, how strange seems the composure with which the Christian goes to the grave. To die—to leave this beautiful world—to go from our home to return no more—to leave our children and all on earth we love—who, in health, can think of this with composure? But God, in mercy to the human race, sends on us disease, whose great design seems to be to reconcile us to death. The afflictions of earth become thus blessings. This good woman looked on her journey to the spirit world, with as much composure as she would on the journey of a day to visit some friend. She only felt interested to provide for the education of her children. In my last interview with her, she expressed a hope, which she said she had long indulged, that, when I had finished my studies in college, my circumstances in life might admit of my superintending the education of her children, the eldest of whom was then but about sixteen.

Thus died, when scarce her youth had passed away, one of the loveliest beings I ever saw. We buried her, in a spot selected by herself, beneath a vigorous old apple tree, in the orchard. Two of her younger children soon followed her, and the others came to maturity.

Many years after her death, perhaps twelve or more, I stood again, on a fine autumn evening, beside her grave. It was one of those seasons peculiarly fruitful in reflections. The landscape about

me was one on which I would gladly look again. I stood on a lofty green hill, covered with orchard and meadow, and flocks and herds. On the north were the grand range of White mountains; on the south lay, spread out in the far distance, the broad and ever green plains of Brunswick; on the east appeared, just in the horizon, the blue hills of the Kennebec, among which lay, embowered, my own cottage home, in which my children were then at play. And I was standing by the grave of one who had been my friend, when friends I needed, and who had been sleeping there for twelve years. But to me it was a consolation, which I can never describe, that, during that twelve years, each and all of her children had found, in succession, a home in my family, while pursuing their studies at school. My heart still beats quick at the memory of that estimable woman. Connected with her by no ties of family or kindred, my heart was won by kindness, by goodness, by virtue. I looked on her, while living, as an exemplification and a personification of goodness, of virtue, and of religion. Her own children knew her not as did I; for they were too young to appreciate her worth, or estimate their own loss. And when she was gone from earth, I still continued to think of her as some guardian angel, commissioned by Providence to watch over me for good. And now, eight years more have passed away, and in that time her honored husband has been laid to sleep by her side, and my early friends have fallen all around me,

"Like leaves in wintry weather;"

yet still her memory is cherished in my heart, as if it were but yesterday I had left her at her own fireside. Her children are scattered far from each other, and from me. Her daughters are well educated, pious, happily settled in life, and some of them occupy important positions in the Church. From one of them, who is said greatly to resemble her mother, I have lately received a letter, from which I am inclined to present the reader the following extract:

"Years, long years, many years have passed away, since last we met. Yet, of those years, not a day has passed, when I have not thought of you, the friend and teacher of my childhood, the dear friend and correspondent of my sainted mother, and father, kind and honored, who both now sleep their last sleep, quietly side by side, in that cherished inclosure, a few yards from the place where I am now writing, at that same, dear old homestead, once so precious by their presence, now so lonely, so desolate. I cannot describe the tender associations connected with the memory of your name. Last summer, I came across two numbers of the Ladies' Repository. I borrowed them, and read, and re-read, and wept, and read again, and lived over the past. I immediately determined to take the work. Do come and see us. Come, and make old friends so glad. You will find change—change stamped on

all around; but the deep affection of the heart is, I trust, yet fresh and green as ever."

"All changed but the deep affection of the heart!" Alas, it is even so! And I have sometimes thought even human love, in its purest form, might change; but perhaps not. Affection, founded on goodness, on gratitude, and on congeniality of spirit, may survive all the changes of time; but will it survive the changes from time to eternity? Does that good woman, whose memory has brought on my soul such sweet influences every day for twenty years, yet regard, in her heavenly home, the child of earth, whom she once loved with all a mother's love? It often happens, in our intercourse with human society, that affection, pure and fervent, arises from similarity of pursuits and of tastes. The vicissitudes of life separate us for years. We meet, after long absence, and expect a renewal of former joys; but, to our disappointment, one or both may seem changed. We have no longer the same mutual desires, and similar tastes, we once had. How will it be when friends on earth, separated long by death, meet in heaven? Will the loved and the lost, who were all the world to us, and to whom we were all the world, meet us in the spirit world, with the same love they bore us in this life? Reader, these inquiries may not interest you; but me they do interest—they come home to my heart. I cannot answer them; yet time, or rather eternity, will reveal all.

HOLY IMPRESSIONS.

BY JOHN PEGG, JR.

HOLINESS is our highest destiny. It is the element by which man will make his nearest approach to the Deity: it is the perfection of moral beauty, the ultimate design of intelligence, and the ceaseless consummation of eternity. All holy impressions are deathless. Every visitation they have made to our spirit here, is recorded on high, and through our endless being will their memory come to us, bringing the joyous recollections of our fulfillment of their purpose, or will speak tidings bitter with anguish, should we be banished to the never-peaceful solitudes below.

All nature sends out the invocation for our holiness, by every thing that proclaims the might and love of God—by every star, in its pilgrimage of light—by the beauty and fragrance of every flower—by the "thunder song" of every cataract—by every formation of our bodies, declaring the work of an omnipotent Hand—by every element and faculty of our nature, whose design is beyond organic pleasure—by every thing in man's constitution, that leads him, through the gates of death, to nobler or more awful regions—and by every thought that soars above the mutable, and stands upon the

mount of immortality, musing upon the Eternal, and trembling amid the emblems of almighty power: all these call upon us to adore their Author, and to be holy in his presence:

"These, when creation made its wonders known,
Were sent to mortals, that their mingling powers
Might lead and lure us to ethereal bowers."

But, should we neglect every impress of nature that publisheth that it hath the mission to make man holy—were the beauties of earth all voiceless, and the glories of heaven all silent, what an impressive dialect comes from the throne of God! What hal-lowed disclosures fall upon the vision, as revelation draws aside the veil that encircles the august Tribunal above! When the great question was started, who shall be man's redeemer? then the choral song of heaven ceased—there was a solemn pause—an awful silence! The love of Jehovah trembled! The flames of hell commenced to flash upon the brow of man, as he stood upon the verge of eternal ruin! Just then came the tidings of redemption!

Do not all the manifestations of the Divine condescension and mercy implore, in the most moving supplication, for the holiness of our hearts? Does not Jesus, forsaking the adoration of the hosts above—his solitary pilgrimage of love below, and his tears, which, robed in starlight, commingled with Kedron's waves, claim it? Did not the last, loud voice of Jesus, on the cross, and the last drop of his blood, that dashed upon the rocks of Calvary, cry out, let the earth be holy? And while now He bows by the throne, pressing back the sword of Divine vengeance, and praying for the sinner, even while he is reveling in His blood on earth, does he not evince a depth of compassion sufficient to allure us? There, amid the glories of heaven, he pleads the cause of rebellious man—there, amid the anthems of glory, he bows

"Silent, alone, amid a heaven of song."

And if holy impressions are eternal, and all that is holy shall be holy still, what a sublime and inviting invocation for our love comes from every thing that will contribute to our endless felicity! For every idea that has been devoted to God, ere it entered the sanctuary of the heart—all the inspiration of nature that has been pure and lofty—every oracle of beauty Heaven has revealed and sanctioned—every undisclosed mystery that will be essential to the future blessedness of the pure in heart—every loved object that in consecration has been led to the altar of God, will be translated to the land of undying beauty and love; for

"The truest spell that heaven can give to lure—
The sweetest prospect mercy can bestow,
Is the blest thought that bids the soul be sure
'Twill meet above the things it loved below."

And if our alliances and friendships shall bear the impress of holiness, they shall be perpetual, and all the sweet communions and loved associations of our youth shall live for ever.

LOVE OF FAME—AMBITION.

BY J. M. DIXON.

"When Fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,
Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last;
And glory, like the Phoenix from her fires,
Exhales its odors, blazes and expires."

TAKING the world in its universality, there is, probably, no sentiment which operates more strongly upon the human mind than the love of fame. This sentiment is not confined to any particular sphere of action—man, everywhere, acknowledges its influence, and the world is its theatre of operation. In every organization of society, the affluent and the powerful, the poor and the ignoble, are governed, more or less, by its acknowledged supremacy. The African, the Asiatic, the European, and the American, are equally subject to the controlling influence of this feeling. It exists a monarch, whose age is coeval with time, and the boundaries of whose dominion embrace all the nations of the earth.

The love of fame, when temperately cultivated, has been productive of beneficial results. To this sentiment may be attributed, in no small degree, the classic productions of Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakspeare, Dryden, Pope, Addison, and Young; and all the trophies of human intellect may refer, in part, their origin to a temperate love of applause. This feeling accompanies the poet, in his flights; the philosopher, in his musings; the astronomer, in his survey of the heavens; the statesman, in the discharge of his duty; and the scholar, in the acquisition of knowledge. Without the aid of its fructifying powers, and independent of the solid inducements to action which necessarily flow from the cultivation of the Christian virtues, the whole mass of mind would be almost as inert and motionless as inanimate matter. It requires a commanding stimulus to rouse the dormant energies of intellect—a stimulus, which will impel the mind not only to a sense of its inherent value, but to an active development of its conscious superiority. An incentive, in the form of dollars and cents and stated annuities, may elicit, to some extent, the powers of genius; but, in the absence of a stronger inducement, a languid sluggishness will surround all the creations of mind. Could gold have inspired the sublime musings of Milton, the lofty conceptions of Dryden, the mellifluous sweetness of Pope, the deep pathos of Gray, the gorgeous imagery of Thomson, or the melancholy grandeur of Byron? Nay, verily: an unquenchable desire for the world's approbation formed the basis of their inspiration; and, apart from this consideration, their biographers would have been saved the task of recording their intellectual labors, and their memories, imperishable as time itself, would have accompanied those countless millions,

whose names are now, in the strong language of Churchill,

"Only remembered by the thing forgot."

The name of Newton, from the sublime discoveries of that philosopher, is now inheriting a posthumous immortality; but if the love of fame had not exercised its regular influence upon his mind, in all probability, his deep researches into the order and economy of the material universe, would never have received even an embryo existence. In the absence of a powerful impetus to thought and action, the earth would have revolved upon its axis, the planets performed their usual revolutions, the fixed stars shed abroad their accustomed radiance, and man might have gazed for ever on star, and planet, and unnumbered worlds, without comprehending, or hardly desiring to comprehend, their arrangement, formation, or relative positions. In a word, aside from Christian motive, and religious obligation, if we examine the productions of genius, the offspring of intellectual superiority, we will discover, that a love of present fame, and a thirst for future notoriety, have co-operated, in almost every instance, to develop the energies of mind. And were it not for the combined efficacy of these impellent powers, the arts, sciences, and literature, would recede into the gloom and darkness of that barbarism, from which they have been fortunately rescued.

But we must reverse the picture. An *inordinate* love of fame, in its application to unholy purposes, degenerates into criminal ambition. There is no material distinction existing between the two sentiments: they equally demand the exercise of the foulest passions of the human heart. Virtue, when impelled by the ultraist beyond the sphere of its legitimate operation, resolves itself into a vice

"Of so frightful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen."

The most revolting exhibitions of human depravity, have originated from the deep and deadly struggles of the warrior for fame and extended sway. The imagination, piercing through the gloom which enshrouds the far ages of antiquity, beholds the Macedonian conqueror, emerging from his little peninsula, and gathering his invincible hosts to battle. Like a blazing comet, in its eccentric course, we behold him at the Granicus, at Issus, and Arbela; and again we hear his victorious tread amid the ruins of a throneless empire. Tyre is laid waste by the desolating ravages of the warrior-king; and the banner of conquest is unfurled amid the sandy plains of Hindostan. Enthroned upon the bones of the fallen dead, with his garments reeking with the blood of countless victims, while the wrecks of kingdom and empire lie scattered around, the warrior's ambition is not yet extinguished. He contemplates the transmission of his name to future generations, as the conqueror of the whole earth; and, to effect this, he must pursue his sanguinary career, until the

universe be filled with the fame of his unprecedented triumphs, and until the boundaries of the straitened earth oppose an invincible obstacle to his victorious progress. Again, from the dim obscurity of the past, a host of sable heroes stalk before my imagination. Crownless and sceptreless, they stand before me, divested of all their original terrors. Their boundless desires for fame have been extinguished in the grave; their shouts of exultant triumph, over their fallen enemies, have ceased to vibrate upon the ear; and the heavy tramp of the chafed war-horse is heard no more.

"Greece had her monarchs—Rome was high in fame;
But Greece is throneless—Rome is but a name."

Fame was the watchword of Cæsar, the whispering fiend of Tamerlane, the prompting demon of Ghengis Khan, and the worshiped deity of Napoleon. To gratify his quenchless passion for present and posthumous renown, if his power had been coextensive with the limitless aspirations of his ambition, the "child of destiny," like the prince of the power of the air, would have struggled for sway and kingdom with the Eternal, or converted the universe into a boundless battle-field, and weaved the pall of annihilated empires. But the sword of victory has fallen from his nerveless grasp—the banner of glory is trailing in the dust—the laurels of triumph have faded from his brow—the fire of ambition has fled from his eye and his heart, and his name descends to us, from the embattled fields of Dantzic and Austerlitz, from the disastrous invasion of Russia, the sanguinary plain of Waterloo, and even from the far isle of Helena, surrounded with every shade of shame and unexaggerated guilt. That name has entered upon the possession of its natural inheritance—an immortality of disgrace, dishonor, and infamy; and, as the world progresses in civilization, refinement, and Christian enlightenment, the character of the warrior, who, in pursuit of fame, "conquest, and extended rule," fiercely plunged into an ocean of human blood, will develop deeper and deeper shades of crime, and gather accumulating blackness for ever.

But we turn from the contemplation of the earth-born hero, and hail a Conqueror, at whose approach the petty tyrants of the world, divested of the lustre of adventitious accompaniments, "shall flee afar off, and shall be chased as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like a rolling thing before the whirlwind." Is this Prince incited to action from a love of fame? The earth is full of his glory. Does he make his advent to establish a political sovereignty over kingdom and empire? The world is already his; and every orb that floats, in liquid light, along the immeasurable expanse of the heavens, and even the realms of "chaos and old night," that extend their dominion through the boundless solitudes of unpeopled space, are his, by the respective rights of creation and unlimited sovereignty.

Already the standard of his triumph is waving victoriously over the almost impregnable fortresses of heathendom, and the battlements of Mohammedanism and Paganism are falling into shapeless and undistinguished ruin. The armies of ignorance and superstition, unable to support the unequal conflict, are retreating before that light, the effulgence of which is destined to fill the world, and the long, loud shout of emancipated millions is rising toward heaven. "All ye inhabitants of the world, and dwellers on the earth, see ye, when" this Conqueror "lifteth up an ensign on the mountains; and when he bloweth a trumpet, hear ye;" for he it is from whose "mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; and he beareth the impress of the fierceness and wrath of almighty God; and he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS."

WILBUR FISK, D. D.

BY G. P. DISOSWAY, A. M.

*"Cui Pudor, et Justitiae soror,
Incorrumpita Fides, nudaque Veritas
Quando ullum inveniet parem?"*

HORACE.

"A skillful workman he
In God's great moral vineyard."
"O, who can speak his praise! great humble man!"

POLLOK.

EVERY traveler to that most beautiful region, Middletown, on the Connecticut river, must have noticed the rural cemetery of the Wesleyan University. It lies upon the summit of a gentle hill, and directly in the rear of the college—one of those favored spots over which the sun, both winter and summer, casts his earliest and his latest golden rays. This is the retired place, selected by Dr. Fisk himself, for the ashes of the dead, and here repose his own beloved remains.

WILBUR FISK, S. T. D.,
First President of the Wesleyan University;
Born August 31, 1792,
Died February 22, 1839."

is the simple epitaph, upon the tablature of the finest white marble obelisk, that is seen by the visitor to this silent mansion.

I have often visited the ground, and never, in my pilgrimages there, without peculiar hallowing and profitable reflections. It was in August, of the present season, when I again journeyed to the college cemetery. A week of gentle and sunny rain had just passed over the scenery, and brought all its loveliness into life. The whole glen and hill were filled with a mingled spirit of pleasure and of

pensiveness, and the beautiful lines of President Wentworth, unbidden, came to mind:

"Beneath yon obelisk though FISK may lie,
The FISK of memory shall never die."

The memory of Fisk will not be forgotten. How many thousands die, and pass away like leaves of autumn, or the blossoms of spring, and society neither feel nor regret the loss! But the Church and the world lament the loss of a Fisk, as for one who lived the life of benevolence, learning, and piety. Well do I remember him! The head had an indescribable beauty about it; the upper part seemed to belong to an angel—I mean, it was so beautiful. Wherever he was called, in the providence of God, he was received as a burning and shining light. Eminently did the candle of the Lord shine upon his head, and the secret of God was upon his tabernacle. *When the ear heard him, then it blessed him;* and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him. How often have we listened to those gracious words, that fell from his lips! And the hearts of his intimate friends still burn within them at their recollection.

Seldom was a person better qualified to sustain the character of a minister of Jesus Christ, than Wilbur Fisk. An entire consecration of his united powers to this great work, he esteemed the richest oblation he could offer to the Father of mercies. Having put on the whole armor of God, from the helmet of salvation to the sandals of peace, all was entire, and he appeared in the complete Christian panoply. Calm, serene, and collected, he generally commenced his theme, and, as he advanced, he poured forth a continuous stream of eloquence, as if flowing from some inspired source—inexhaustible, convincing, and sublime. His tones were musically modulated, except when interrupted, at times, by his short, spasmodic cough. Often, during the delivery of his brilliant sentences, a breathless silence reigned throughout the vast assemblage he addressed. His fluency was proverbial, and his command of language unrivaled. He spoke as in the presence of God, like one having Divine authority; and there was an energy in his preaching that was irresistible. His subjects, gesture, the tone of his voice, his countenance, all conspired to fix the attention and to affect the heart. To hear him without admiration was impossible, and without profit, almost impossible. Whenever he was announced, multitudes flocked to attend his ministry, and from among them many a goodly jewel will be collected, to form his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord. While so many preachers strive to charm their hearers with "the studied ornaments of artificial eloquence," his chief care was, in simplicity and godly sincerity, to declare the truth as it is in Jesus.

Next to his powerful polemic discourses, the crowning glory of his sermons, probably, was his descriptions of the beatific joys of the eternal

world; and these he portrayed with an eloquence almost angelic. At such moments, he seemed like one inspired, his face beaming as if reflecting the light of the heavenly state, whose living streams and celestial fields he was describing. He never hesitated, such was the abundance of his ideas; and so pure were his oral compositions, that they were seldom improved by the more elaborate corrections of the pen.

Dr. Fisk was no idler in the Lord's vineyard. He denied himself, took up his cross, and trod in the footsteps of his Master; and so admirably did he copy the character of his Lord, that all men took knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus. He went about doing good, in every possible way, and wherever he came, he seemed like some superior being, whose employment was to bless the children of men. In the family circle, he was welcomed as the joyful ambassador of the Redeemer; and his prayers and benedictions were received with reverence and gratitude, by parents and their children. I confidently trust they will follow me and my house through life, exciting us to walk worthy of that Christian friendship and regard with which I was honored by this eminent servant of the Most High.

In him were united intellectual powers seldom combined in the same person, and never but in minds of the first order. These were always devoted to acts of Christian benevolence, and consecrated to the benefit of his fellow-men. To no cause were his abilities more devoted or sanctified, than to the missionary and Bible cause. On such occasions he spoke with a fervency of zeal and a divine pathos, seldom witnessed or equaled. Well do we remember the impression which his first appearance made on the platform of the American Bible Society. He rose last of all the speakers, and, collected, simple, and impressive, without effort, he commanded the entire attention of the vast audience, by the beauty of his language, force of thought, and dignity of his manner. From that hour, he took a foremost rank among those who were celebrated for sacred eloquence. And, while living, he became one of the main-springs of every exertion and every institution connected with the Church, a blessing to our country, and to the world. What an illustrious example does Dr. Fisk present for our imitation—calling upon us “to follow him as he followed Christ!” Heaven grant that we may catch a spark of that flame which shone with such distinguished lustre in the spirit and labors of this faithful man of God!

Every part of his useful and blameless life, not hidden from us by modest privacy, is a precious and bright portion of our Church history. Public duties, often arduous and delicate, were required at his hands; but to every service, his courage and intellect were found fully equal. He became an orator of the first order, a powerful debater, and a most able polemic. He had attained a ripe scholarship, a

power of the most glowing and vivid description, a rare felicity of illustration, and a style perspicuous, combining strength with elegance. His intellect was penetrating, and his greatest attainments were, probably, in moral philosophy. Hence the deference that was paid to his views in morals and religion. As an instructor, his abilities were extraordinary, seldom failing clearly to represent the truth upon the minds of his pupils. In conversational debate, where had he a rival? I know not one—always thoughtful, calm, and ready, in the most critical moments of controversy. He was eminent, too, for his moderation, his knowledge of human character, and for wise counsel.

In his addresses to the Deity, Dr. Fisk presented nothing studied, artificial, or superfluous; and while offering them, there was a solemnity in his manner, which not only edified, but quickened and exalted the soul. As the Spirit gave him utterance, so he made his requests known unto God. We well recollect moments of supplication, and so will you, Mr. Editor, when he appeared to be carried away, far beyond the limits of ordinary devotion, and, pouring forth the mighty prayer, his face has appeared as the face of an angel. None, except those who often united with him in this holy service, can conceive the manner in which he performed the duty. Always fervent, his prayer was filled with gratitude, humility, adoration, and love; and, like King Hezekiah, he spread the various wants of the people at the feet of their common Lord.

Dr. Fisk filled the office of president of the Wesleyan University, with the greatest honor to himself and usefulness to the institution, until the period when it pleased the Almighty to call him into the world of spirits. His untiring interest in life, and at his dying hour, for the welfare of that seminary, is a part of his history. Hence his labors were abundantly successful. The University has now become the seat of science, knowledge, and religion, and, to a certain extent, another “school of the prophets,” and the *alma mater* already of hundreds, her favored sons, who now occupy useful and honorable posts in our beloved land.* If Fisk needs any lasting monument to his memory, point to the Wesleyan University, and its hallowed halls.

Long a sufferer, as he approached the valley of death, his hopes of the heavenly world were bright and glorious. His last hours were employed in taking an affectionate leave of his friends and family. Nor did the writer hesitate to undertake a journey of more than one hundred miles, in the

* The Wesleyan University, during fourteen years of its existence, has graduated no less than three hundred and thirty students. Nearly one hundred are ministers of the Gospel, about the same number professors or teachers in literary institutions, many are lawyers and physicians, three presidents of colleges, one a missionary to China, and four or five are editors, among whom is Mr. Tefft, of our Ladies' Repository.

depth of winter, to see his departing friend, and to obtain his dying blessings. Not long after this interview, the silver cord was loosened, which gave to the soul that freedom he had so long and so ardently desired. The physician had been in attendance night and day; but there was no hope. His *first* care was his beloved wife, and Martha, their adopted daughter; *then* the University, and *last* his brethren in the ministry. These remembrances attended to, he prepared himself to die, and was greatly honored of God at this trying moment. His intellect remained unclouded, and he lay patiently awaiting the final summons, and breathing faint prayers for himself and the cause in which he died.

"There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my friends are there."

"From this chair to the throne," "Yes, glorious hope"—with such ejaculations passed away his noble and holy spirit. His warfare accomplished, every trace of past agony had disappeared; the beautiful brow was unwrinkled, and his own peculiar smile seemed to be lingering about the lips, as if they were already touched with the harmony of the celestial choirs!

THE CHILD OF GENIUS.

BY REV. J. DIXON.

CHILD of genius, welcome to my home—welcome to my heart! Though the dwelling place of thy mind is in pure, ethereal regions, where the offspring of fancy bask in unclouded light and beauty, and glow with almost seraphic ardor; yet thy body, perhaps wan, fragile, and emaciated, seems bending over the tomb, saying to corruption, "Thou art my father," and to the worm, "Thou art my mother and my sister." The scoff of ignorance has wantonly assailed thee; the unfeeling votaries of mammon have derided thee; and, perhaps, the heartless critic has martyred the keen susceptibilities of thy soul. But, amid all thy discouragements, let thy motto be, "*Onward and higher.*"

A new era has burst upon the world; the slumbers of many generations appear to have been awoken by a mental earthquake, the oscillations of which are felt from the centre to the circumference of the globe. The time imperiously calls upon genius to array itself in the habiliments of light and truth, and go on from "conquering to conquest." The temple of science, polluted with a light and licentious literature, must be expurgated; the priests that minister at the altar of infamy must feel the scorching blast of public opinion; and genius, purified, should preside in the halls of science, and deeply imbue the spirit of legislative assemblies. Under such circumstances, child of genius, welcome to my home—welcome to my heart!

YOUTHFUL WIT.

BY A YOUNGSTER.

I HAVE never seen, Mr. Editor, any article in your excellent periodical written by a little boy; nor do I know that you would encourage me, a mere stripling, to undertake the labors of the pen. But, turning over this morning an eastern newspaper, I found an anecdote which pleased me greatly, and gave me as much profit, I trust, as delight. The anecdote is of a learned Philadelphia doctor, who, to recruit his health, made a tour through the eastern states. The story is told by a Boston editor, which, that you may have proof of its authenticity, I will give you in his own words:

"On returning to Boston," says the editor of this visiting stranger, "the cars were detained at Braintree, as is usual, for another train. Finding at this stop that many of the passengers made a plunge at a certain yellow cake and dark looking drink, the doctor was induced by curiosity, and a little prompted by hunger, to enter the shanty restaurant, and taste the diet bread, which he found not unpalatable, and, after a little hesitation, to drink a tumbler of something, which, under the name of root beer, he thought, from the taste, to be a compound decoction of senna and gentian. On entering the cars he missed his ticket, which he had placed in front of his hat to meet the constant call of the conductor at the frequent stopping places. He once more returned to the refectory, in search of it, as he remembered removing his castor there to wipe his brow, and commenced looking for the lost card. Not finding it, he addressed a group of boys, from eight to eleven years of age, saying, 'Boys, I have lost my ticket; will you help me find it?' The lads looked at one another a little queerly, and engaged in the search; but as they did not appear very anxious to find it, the doctor, in order to quicken their zeal, said, 'Boys, that ticket cost me a dollar; if any one of you will find it, I will give him a quarter.' Even this did not make them very earnest in the search, and the stranger was about giving up the point, when one of the younger of the urchins stepped up to him, saying, 'Sir, will you give me ninepence if I tell you where it is?' 'Certainly I will,' said he; 'why, I offered you twice as much to find it.' 'Well, then, sir,' answered the boy, 'it is in the *back* of your hat.' The gentleman was glad to give the young rogue the full quarter, and escape the deafening shout of the waggish group; and returned to the city, having added this information to his fund of knowledge—that the pious blood of the Pilgrims still circulates in the veins of some of their descendants; and that the somewhat equivocal shrewdness which he had before seen in the Yankee pedlar, was a commodity at the north as common as the boys in the streets."

MEMORY.

BY A. HILL.

AMONG the works of God

There's nothing lost. Even thought itself is *real*,
And hath an *entity*, and liveth on;
And, once begotten, it can never die.
Matter displaces matter, and a change
Comes quickly over the material world.
So thought gives birth to thought, and changes oft,
Yet it must always live.

It hath its birth

In the elaborate workings of the mind,
And is a child of immortality.
And *Memory* is twin-child with *Thought*—her high
And holy parentage the same.

The pain

That waits on *Vice*, when it hath wrought its work—
The peace and joy that *virtuous* deeds attend,
Give strongest confirmation of this truth.
Else, what is guilt? and whence its fearful power?
There is no guilt where memory liveth not.

O, wondrous power! and strange as wonderful:
Nor seen, nor known, yet felt alike by all:
The sweeping tide of feeling bends to thee,
As forests bend to the impetuous gale,
Or ocean's mighty mass of waters heave
Their crested billows to the driving storm.
The strong man feels thee, and his bracing limbs,
So like a statue, tremble as a reed,
While his girt loins give way, and his pale face
And blanched features show how dreadful is
Thy power.

Thou comest to the man of crime,
And his stout heart, ice-like, and hard as rock
Of adamant, quails at thy faintest touch,
As though he were an infant in thy grasp.

The felon, in his cell, whose startling eye
Looks with the fierceness of a demon's glare,
Feels thy invisible impress, and straightway
His rigid frame relaxes, and his eye
Is moistened with a tear.

And yet, how strange!

The timid one has courage, and the faint
Refreshment, when thou comest unto them.
Thy breath, which plays across their spirits, is
A cordial that awakes them to new life.
Ah yes, it is the very breath of God—
It is the germ of immortality!

Thou art a light, which, like a beacon, shines
For ever on the dismal shores of time—
A link, forged by the Deity himself,
Uniting past and future into one.

Thou startest up from the fast fading track
Of past existence, where the fearful wreck

Of moral greatness in sad ruin lies,
And comest like a gloomy, spectral thing—
A haggard ghost of murdered privilege,
And time misspent.

Thou holdest thy dread court
Upon the tomb of buried hopes—of gifts
Perverted long—of blessings much abused—
And long neglected opportunity.
And there thy presence is, O, dreadful thought!
The deep damnation of the sinful soul.

There's no escape from thee: as well might man
Attempt to flee the presence of his God.
Wherever thought the human soul hath moved,
Thy throne is built—thou reignest there, and must
For ever reign. And while upon the track—
The shining track of *Virtue*, thou dost shed
The soft and holy radiance of heaven,
Thy lightnings flash, in dreadful fury, o'er
The dark and fearful pilgrimage of crime.

They call thee by a gentle name; but what,
O, what, art thou? Thou canst not be of earth?
Thou wast with Deity ere man was born;
And started with him in his strange career,
And thou wilt his companion be for aye.

Strangest of all strange contradictions thou—
“To *Vice* confusion, but to *Virtue* peace.”
Thou art allied to man's eternal fate—
To all his hopes and fears, his bliss or pain—
To all the glories that will wreath his brow—
To all the horrors that may crush his soul.
Thou wilt attend the summons of that day,
When God shall judge the world, and trumpet up
Ten thousand recollections to the soul.
And thy dread sanction to his final doom,
Will be to man a blessing or a curse.

Thy mighty power brings back our fleeting years,
Calls youth and manhood up, from time's deep grave,
Holds back the sable pall, and brightly spreads
A burning recollection over all.
No lightning current, o'er the trembling wire,
Courses more speedily its fiery track,
Than thou in man each quivering, nervous cord.

A look—a word—some trivial note of song—
A rustling leaf—or merest incident,
Emits a spark, which kindles up a blaze,
That lights the darkness of forgotten time.

AN EPITAPH.

BY BEN JONSON.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die:
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.

THE PROPER SPHERE OF WOMAN.

BY PROFESSOR E. W. MERRILL.

THERE is a sentiment advanced by the Genevan philosopher, Rousseau, that "the glory of woman lies in being unknown." The history and suffrage of modern times have made many noble exceptions to this, as to numerous other sayings of that paradoxical writer. In dissenting from the above sentiment, we would not have woman usurp any of the prerogatives of the boasted lord of creation; but would attempt to show that her proper sphere is, at least, as far from that of a vassal as of a ruler.

Notwithstanding the sentiments crushing to her influence, that have prevailed, more or less, from time immemorial, almost every age has recorded the history of some splendid representatives of her glory and worth. The martial lyre of Homer had been sending its thrilling tones down the course of centuries, exciting men to war and deeds of valor, when Sappho, the Lesbian poetess, and the "Tenth Muse" of "lovely Greece," seized her harp, raised its soft strains, and sung the counterpart to the human passions.

It was well said, by a judicious writer, that "the whole voice of antiquity, has declared that the poetry of Sappho was unrivaled in grace and sweetness. This decision has been confirmed by posterity."

We mention this distinguished poetess, rather to show the antiquity of female celebrity, than as a starting point from which to trace a long line of famous females, which would be an easy task, would the limits of this article permit. It may, however, be simply inquired, why the divine Disposer of all blessings and events had bestowed the many, varied, and splendid talents upon such females as Sappho, Sevigne, Roland, Elizabeth, Mary, Queen of Scots, Hemans, Lady Montague, Barbauld, Edgeworth, Sedgwick, Madame de Stael, More, Sigourney, Willard, &c., if he had not designed them to be employed for some useful and important purpose? Why have endowments been bestowed upon woman, that frequently rival and outshine, in brilliancy, those of the other sex, if their influence is never to be felt beyond the limits of their own firesides?

It seems to me, that too illiberal views are commonly taken by those who discuss this subject. No doubt the influence and happiness of woman are generally to be found in the tranquility of the domestic circle; but why confine them there? We can easily call to mind circumstances under which it is not only proper, but necessary, for those of the sterner sex to perform tasks and duties which usually devolve upon females. Why shall not this be repaid by the use of those gifts and qualifications which it would be impious to suppose lavished in vain. The writer is sensible that some limitations

are here necessary; for while avoiding the Scylla of a too circumscribed sphere, on the one hand, for her influence, we would not sail into Charybdis, on the other, by making accessible to her all the enterprises of man.

There are, undoubtedly, many moral and intellectual, as well as physical achievements, incumbent upon man, for which woman is not responsible, or adapted. And in the numerous recorded instances where she has seized the reins of government, and taken part in civil and military affairs, we instinctively feel that she is beyond her appropriate sphere of action—that she has tarnished, rather than added brilliancy to the glory of her sex. The Aeolian strains that come softly swelling upon the ear from the harps of Hemans and Sigourney, charm and delight us, and inspire loftier sentiments of their sex. Indeed, Hannah More, successfully contending with her pen against the convulsive shocks of the French revolution, presents a sublime and glorious spectacle; but the clangor of war that comes booming from the battle-field of the "Maid of Orleans," shocks and disgusts us. But we are admonished to be "brief."

Woman was never designed to engage publicly in the arena of strife, and the bustle of business. She may, and should, combat the errors and vices of the world; but her influence should go out from her retirement, and, more commonly, in the lives and characters of those with whom she associates. But we must leave our subject *in medio*, recommending to the reader the perusal of Lady Montague's letter on "Female Education," to her daughter, the Countess of Bute.

THE IMPRESS OF DEITY.

A RHYME.

BY ROMEO.

THE universe is full of God. Earth, air, and seas, are breathing with his spirit—the whole system of created things is veiled and mantled with his presence. The deepest, wildest throb, that quivers through our frames, should be that created from a just conception of his glories. There is something more than imagery in the works of creation. Nature hath a soul, as well as features. "From earth's magnetic zone, to the bindweed round a hawthorn," there is a spirit presence—an eloquence, which should strike deep responsive tones in the human heart. Next to the volume of inspiration, nature should be man's guiding creed. But to view her works aright, the soul of man must be awakened within him, and then, *to such a one*, the mute, still air, is music slumbering on her lyre.

It is not the mythological fabulist, or the romantic soliloquist, that we would hold forth to the world as a model worthy of imitation. But it is the hidden

spring of association, that we would present to the thinking, feeling mind—the real embodied in the ideal—the type of Omnipotence—a phonetic language—a universal literature, written in the imperishable characters of the Godhead! It was this principle, in corrupt and vitiated minds, or in its misapplication, that peopled the territories of Rome with their imaginary genii. It was neither the "form of Ida, nor the height of Olympus"—the wrath of the Tiber, or the more beneficent genius of the Nile, that placed them high in their local and respective influence, or that awed to silence the minds of men; but it was the fiction and allegory, the species of wild fanaticism, that was thrown around them.

It is not the principle of writing sonnets to the moon, of sighing in cadences over the purling stream, or falling leaf, or of soliloquizing about Castalian dews in every fountain, that we would inculcate. Such a species of sentimentalism, which for awhile passed current for genuine sublimity, in nature and in mind, has passed away; for which of our modern authors would commence a poem with, "Descend, ye Nine," or "Apollo, aid my lyre?" But it is nature's language we would repeat, and unfold the inspiring diction of Jehovah, which has been too long suppressed. People but our fountains and our rivers, our plains and our forests, with the "Elohim of Abraham," the "Jehovah of Moses," filling immensity with his omnipresence, and then let another Omar burn the full library of knowledge, and our world of mind would not as likely perish in its flames.

But, from these small tributaries, who may trace out the fountain of existence, or what mind may range through creation's vast domains to its farthest extreme, and there, on the perilous verge of God's creation, stand and mark the limits of the mighty whole? Reason fails to draw the line; but Deity unmails the system. His impress marks the very hedges which line our pathway to the tomb—it is stamped upon every handbreadth of his material creation—it is manifest in the whirling eddies on the moaning flood, in the mighty voice of the mountain torrent, and in the deepening gloom which enshrouds the tenant of the tomb.

The sheeted Alps, with snow and ice flashing in the noonday sun, like a "type of the celestial city," or when the fleecy clouds, like a cohort of angels, brush their summits with their wings, reflect from their awful presence the image of Him who sank their pillars deep in the lap of earth, and raised their summits high in ether, as though their tops had floated into the everlasting, while

"Jehovah! Jehovah! crashes the ice,
Avalanche thunders roll it in the cleft downward."

When the mind attempts to scan those mighty ice creations, those Alpine gorges verging on chaos, lost, it grasps in vain for a resting-place—a spot

from which human reason may diverge, and take a survey of infinity. The self-existent spirit of Deity, as exhibited in the works of nature, is here most clearly manifest. In the language of another, "It would seem that some such path had been trod by Dante, when first he gathered some dim conception of the fantastic circles of his nine hills;" for it would be easy to people those regions with spirits, thrilling in thick-ribbed ice, and with ghosts, fiend-like, chained to splintering rocks, uttering their woful howlings in their dismal caverns.

Old ocean, too, unmails His presence when the raging billows chase each other over its hollow depths, when the storm-god vents his fearful rage, or when the imagination, attempting to delve its waves and locate its foundation, having wandered far down its watery depths, wearied returns from fruitless search for its lowest home.

The spirit monitors of Deity throng the thoroughfares of life. His impress is seen in the streak of splendor, the golden, quivering radiance, which emanating from the summer's setting sun, illuminates the world. It is seen in the dripping dew-drop on the waving grass—in each circumstance of sight or sound that peoples the air with visionary life. The heavens, those towers begirt with battlements, upon whose restless front stand stars, like sentinels upon the watch-tower of heaven, proclaim the wonders of His might. A voice, down from yon rolling planets, those "islands of the blest," which, in their course, fill yonder infinite with radiant life and beauty, tells the tale of his creative power.

Our fancy loves to trace out the resemblance between the drapery of nature and the folds of unclouded glory which vail the face of the Infinite. It is Deity, a mightier power than man's, that moves amid the waters and groves, and, through this vast creation, proves an omnipresent Soul. It is Deity, when man, subdued by woe, watching the falling leaves, to each a moral gives, and dictates to his wounded heart the seraphic symphony of *peace within the grave*.

These, then, are the minstrelsy of heaven—nature's living, breathing harmony, which, falling upon the harp-strings of the soul, shall breathe forth a swelling melody in time, after which eternity shall catch the glowing numbers, and upon her trembling chords, in thrilling cadence, chant the mighty chorus of the song!

POWER OF ABSTRACTION.

A MODERN astronomer, it is said, passed a whole night without changing his position, being intent on observing a phenomenon of the sky. On being accosted, by some member of his family, in the morning, he only said, "It must be thus; I will go to bed before it is late." He had gazed the whole night without knowing it.

MELVILLE B. COX.

BY J. LA GRANGE M'KOWN.

"Go, child of heaven,
Far from the world, in yon sequestered clime,
And to thy tongue shall seraph words be given,
And power on earth, to plead the cause of heaven."

THE man of war, whose deeds of glory are stamped upon the historian's page, whose are earth's laurels, and the praise that kings bestow, is not the subject of my story.

He lives in song: not in the soft, breathing strains of the ancient poets, but in the wild, hallowed anthems of the choir of heaven. Although his ashes lie screened by the twining mangrove upon a distant shore, and over them the pensive olive bends her branches, through which the winds of heaven chant his funeral dirge, still he lives enthroned in the hearts of those who knew him. And while the morning dew, like gems, sparkles in the rising sun, or when the evening twilight throws her melancholy shades over the face of nature, does the once spell-bound worshiper of wood and stone drop the sympathetic tear upon his grave.

Great was Hannibal, who caused the mistress of the world to tremble, on account of the extent of his victories, like a sapling of the forest before the wintry blast; or that modern hero,

"Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones;
Whose table earth, whose dice were human bones."

But greater by far are the characters of those who are engaged in achieving a victory over the empire of darkness; among the foremost of which stands the name of Melville B. Cox. Should I compare him to those more ancient worthies, who established military commonwealths, and taught man to glory most in spilling human blood, I ask, in what would the comparison consist? Let the shades of those who fell at Pharsalia, Carthage, and Rome, answer. Their glory was the vain applause of an excited populace, mingled with the sighs of wives widowed, and the tears of children orphaned—his was in sighing with those who sighed, and in weeping with those who wept. The laurels they won were at the expense of slaughtered hecatombs of human flesh and blood, woven with empurpled flowers plucked from the field of carnage, and watered by human gore—his was a diadem, the purchase of a Redeemer's blood, studded with gems, the souls his prayers had won. Their reception, from the field of conquest, was, "Welcome! welcome, legion conqueror"—his, when the standard of the cross fell from his nerveless hand, when his contest with the world and sin ceased, and as he entered upon the boundaries of a stainless empire, was, "Enter! enter into the joys of thy Lord."

As a son of New England, he was bold and enterprising. Being destitute of a more ample

means of education, a district school was his *alma mater*. From the peculiar bent of his mind, it was natural for him to indulge in bright anticipations of the future. No corrupt system of selfish designs, no unsanctified schemes to solicit and obtain the applause of men, reduced him to the common level of mortals. But, with a mind characteristic of the man—with an understanding animated by ardor and enlightened by influence divine, his ambition was *Liberia*, and the crowning of his brightest hopes, the salvation of her inhabitants. His virtues were the offspring of an ardent, self-sacrificing heart, tempered, however, by the experience of the past, mingled with the Marah waters of adversity. Having traveled ten years, as an itinerant, in his native land, he received that which lay nearest his heart, an appointment as a missionary to Liberia. He now began to realize the brightest hopes of his earthly existence. To him, Liberia was a choice field of labor, from which he hoped to gather many of the souls of her inhabitants, as precious sheaves into his Master's garner. His soul was there; and he already saw the dews of Zion resting upon Africa.

As he returned to his home, ere he left for the land of his adoption, his bosom swelled with thrilling emotions. The leaves above, and trees around him, breathed the low, sweet sighs of childhood; the little rills made music, and the singing of the birds chimed merrily with the sports of by-gone days. The feelings aroused in such a mind by this brief interview, and by the sight of every familiar object of childhood, connected with the thought that he must leave them, and that, perhaps, for ever, cannot readily be conceived. His stay was short: the time came for his departure. The scenes of early days, the endearing associations that clustered around him, and the love of an only sister, drew still closer the chords that bound him to his home, while his heart's best affections clung around his aged mother, as the entwined ivy clings to its support. Yet he felt that he must leave them—leave her who, in infancy, had watched beside him until the last pale star in the heavens had faded into the light of day—leave her who had pressed his lips when burning fever parched them; yet the mourning of Africa, bereft of her children, loudly called for his departure. The hour of parting came. And here, as we approach this Gethsemane of a mother's soul, taking her last farewell of an affectionate and only son, let him who cannot feel, nor shed one tear of sympathy at such a scene, remember it is holy ground, the region of tears, nor let him dare to penetrate the vail. His mother went forth to breathe the parting words. She grasped his agitated hand: a sudden trembling shook her frame: she fell upon his pale face: a burst of anguish—a mother's deep, strong, deathless love—fell from her lips, in accents wild;

"And the meek tears of woman flowed
Fast o'er each burning word,"

as she exclaimed, "O! my son! my son! how can I give thee up!" But he, turning his eyes toward the land of his adoption, replied, "O! Africa! Africa! how can I give *thee* up!" Holy devotion! Philanthropy personified! Let such characters stand forth in all their native, immortal dignity. Having grasped the hand that had so often been extended to him in the hour of adversity, and gazed upon his home for the last time, he bade a *long* adieu. His mountain home seemed sad at his departure—the winds of heaven, as they sighed through the branches of the lofty oak and towering pine, and the gently murmuring rivulet, seemed, though tremblingly, to murmur farewell. Ere the echo of farewell had died upon the breeze, he visited the graves of his wife and child. Here the fountain of feeling moved afresh: his mind lingered upon the past in painful pity. While mourning over their graves, burning tears were wrung from his manhood as he exclaimed,

"And is this gush of tears the last
I o'er thy grave may shed?"

Fondly I gazed upon the meteors, glittering until their brightness was eclipsed by the vapor, death; but soon shall the Sun of righteousness arise and burst the bands of death, and then shall thy true beauties shine. And who will doubt but that, in his expiring moments upon a distant shore, the faces of the shining ones who beckoned him away to the hills of immortality, were blended with the eyes of those blest spirits over whom he wept? No doubt, but that, while in calm reflection, as the ship in which he sailed weighed anchor for the sea, he felt the shades of the departed hovered near, to cheer his lonely voyage.

When he landed, it was not the pompous array of a Columbus, in rich and splendid dress, with sword in hand, and the display of royal standards; but, armed with the sword of the Spirit, he planted firmly the invisible standard of the cross of Christ. He unfurled to Afric's gloomy vision, the broad folds of His banner who clothes himself in light, and walks upon the winds. He relied not upon the number or bravery of troops, but trusting in the merit of his cause, having arrayed himself under the bright banner of hope, he went forth alone, to sure success and final victory.

Scipio, one of Rome's noblest, choicest spirits, having subdued all Spain, and conquered Hannibal, *himself* the lion of the Carthaginians, returned to the arms of his countrymen, and one of Rome's most brilliant triumphs, and the name of the nation vanquished, was conferred upon him as the reward of his victories. So Melville B. Cox, having planted the standard of the cross upon the dark, benighted shores of Liberia, gained a victory over *death* and the *grave*, and returned to the outstretched arms of his Savior, to enjoy a more brilliant triumph—that of a spirit redeemed. Scipio's was celebrated at Rome—his was celebrated in heaven.

Upon Liberia's shores, where the broad leaves of the sycamore make their moan at noon, or where, like the lulling rain-drops, the shade of the olive screened him from Afric's burning sun, he laid him down to die. While the Christian natives gathered around, to see their teacher die, all was silent. Silence hitherto was noisy, to the stillness of that hour. Nothing was heard, save the anxious throbbing of each heart, and the half stifled sob. Reviving a little, ere life's current had ceased ebbing, he exclaimed, "Though a thousand fall, Africa must be redeemed!" Where shall we find another spirit like his? His dust has made those shores a shrine, where the shade of his departed spirit takes its circuit round, and where is heard, in murmurs low, the echo of those dying words, "Though a thousand fall, Africa must be redeemed!"

THE SOUL.

BY A PSYCHOLOGIST.

I HAVE found nothing, in the little classical reading which I have, from time to time, picked up, in which the spirit of ancient allegory is more beautifully illustrated, than the story told of Psyche, or the soul, by that instructive and amusing writer, Apuleius. When properly explained, there seems to be a deep meaning in this allegory, capable of being turned, by a contemplative person, to very good account. If the reader, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, can acquire a satisfactory solution of it in all its parts, he will have a specimen of the very fanciful manner in which the classic Greeks were accustomed to portray the most important mysteries of their philosophy and faith. It will not do, of course, to furnish the reader with the key to this solution, as he would then lose a part of the relish naturally pertaining to such fictions. It will be enough to say, to my younger readers, that Psyche means the soul, and Cupid stands for the principle of love; and the little legend itself, if read over two or three times with care, will explain the manner in which the soul is made immortal, according to the Greeks, by being united firmly to the great principle of love:

"Psyche," says the old classic writer, "whose two elder sisters were of moderate beauty, was so lovely, that she was taken for Venus herself, and men dared only to adore her as a goddess, not to love her. This excited the jealousy of Venus, who, to revenge herself, ordered Cupid to inspire her with love for some contemptible wretch. But Cupid fell in love with her himself. Meanwhile, her father, desiring to see his daughter married, consulted the oracle of Apollo, which commanded that Psyche should be conveyed, with funeral rites, to the summit of a mountain, and there be left; for she was

destined to be the bride of a destructive monster, in the form of a dragon, feared by gods and men. With sorrow was the oracle obeyed, and Psyche was left alone on the desert rock, when suddenly Zephyr hovers around her, gently raises, and transports her to a beautiful palace of the god of love. Perfect happiness would have been the lot of Psyche, if, obedient to the warning of her lover, she had never been curious to know him better. But by the artifices of her jealous sisters, whom she had admitted to visit her, contrary to the commands of Cupid, she was persuaded that he was a monster, and curiosity triumphed. As he slept, she entered with a lamp to examine him, and discovered the most beautiful of the gods. In her joy and astonishment, she let a drop of the heated oil fall upon his shoulders. Cupid awoke, and, having reproached the astonished Psyche for her suspicions, fled. After having tried in vain to throw herself into a river, she wandered, inconsolable, to all the temples, seeking everywhere her beloved, till she came to the temple of Venus. Here began her severest sufferings. Venus kept her near her person, treated her as a slave, and imposed upon her the severest and most trying tasks. Psyche would have sunk under the burden, had not Cupid, who still tenderly loved her, secretly assisted her in her labors. But in the last dangerous task imposed upon her, to descend to the realm of shadows, and bring away Proserpine's box of cosmetics, she almost perished. She succeeded, indeed, in the adventure; but, having opened the box, a deadly vapor issued from it, and she sunk lifeless to the earth. Cupid now appeared, and the touch of his arrow restored her to life. Venus was finally reconciled; by Jupiter's command Psyche became immortal, and was for ever united with her beloved. Her marriage was celebrated with great festivities, but her envious sisters threw themselves from a precipice."

Vailed under this allegory, the thoughtful reader will be able to recognize one of the most beautiful representations ever given by classic pens, of the way to happiness and eternal life. Though the Christian, more adequately informed, requires no such images of a truth so perfectly revealed in the book of God, he will be pleased to compare the opinion of enlightened antiquity, of old Greece itself, on such a sublime and captivating theme.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

MR. HALLECK is a native of Connecticut. His best known poems are "Alnwick Castle," "Marco Bozzaris," and "Fanny." His poetry is characterized for the richness and melody of its numbers. He is the author of the beautiful lines written in memory of Dr. Drake, beginning with:

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

"CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME."

BY REV. N. P. CHARLOT.

THERE are many proverbial sayings in use at the present, that were evidently never derived from either the proverbs of Solomon, the precepts of One greater than Solomon, or the deductions of right reason—among which is this one, "Charity begins at home." How frequently is this proverb used, especially by many professors of religion, who ought to be, on all occasions, most careful to know what sentiments are couched in the words used by them!

If any one would satisfy himself of the entire confidence that many entertain in the correctness of the proverb, let him call on his neighbor, and present the claims of the Bible cause—its publication and distribution; and more chances than one for it, he receives for his trouble, and for the cause he advocates, the encouraging reply, "*Charity begins at home.*"

Let him go to a member of the same religious family to which he himself belongs, and ask for a pittance for the support of the Sabbath school, already, perhaps, beginning to decline for the want of a suitable library, and he hears the same conclusive argument in favor of not doing any thing, on that occasion, and for that purpose: "*Charity begins at home.*"

Let him go to the same or another individual, and press upon his attention the heaven-born enterprise of evangelizing the nations of the earth—of sending the Gospel to every creature, both in our own and other countries; and let him urge the claims of this cause of God and man upon him with an apostolic argument—"freely ye have received, freely give"—and the whole is briefly, and, as is supposed, conclusively answered, with the popular maxim, "*Charity begins at home.*"

Let him go to a member of the same congregation, and, it may be, to a member of the same Church to which he belongs, carrying with him a subscription paper, for the support of the stated preaching of the Gospel in the congregation; and if any thing is added to the subscription list, it is marked, perhaps, in the column set apart for cents. The place of dollars is blank, and accompanied, for the special satisfaction of the solicitor and minister, with the pious apology for not doing more, "*Charity begins at home.*"

This proverb has obtained for itself thus much of credit, not because there is any truth in it, but because it seems to contain an apology for not doing any thing for others so long as self is wanting of any thing for its gratification. The truth on this subject is this: duty begins at home, although it does not stay there, and charity goes abroad, not to be idle, however, but to do good. A man's duty at home is plainly taught in these words of the apostle, "But

if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Now, is there any thing like charity in a man's providing for the temporal and spiritual wants of his own family?

Paul describes the proper sphere for the exercise of charity, in another place, thus: "As we have, therefore, opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

"Charity begins at home" is the legitimate offspring of selfishness, and its influence, where it is permitted to have any, goes to strengthen that unsanctified principle of our depraved natures. No, instead of pleading, so frequently, in the midst of abundance at home, the "beginning of charity at home," in relation to the temporal and spiritual wants of others, we ought to act

"Like a faithful steward in a house
Of public alms: what freely he received,
He freely gave, distributing to all
The helpless the last mite beyond his own
Temperate support, and reckoning still the gift
But justice, due to want."

WHAT IS POETRY?

—
BY CRISPUS.
—

We have been asked this question so often that we have finally concluded to answer it by quoting a dozen lines from an old English poet. They are from the pen of Collins, and were written in memory of those who fell in the rebellion of 1745:

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
With all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

Here we have something beside mere rhyme. The stanzas have fire and pathos in them; and there is nothing left us to desire, except it be a continuation of the strain, or rather a repetition of a strain which can never tire the ear. The imagery is of the most delicate and exquisite character—Spring decking the turfey sod; Fancy's feet treading upon the flowers there; fairy hands ringing the knell; unseen forms singing the dirge of the glorious dead; "but," to quote the language of Montgomery, "above all, and never to be surpassed in picturesque and imaginative beauty, Honor, as an old and broken soldier, coming on far pilgrimage, to visit the shrine where his companions in arms are laid to rest; and Freedom, in whose cause they fought and bled—leaving

the mountains and fields, the hamlets and unwalled cities of England delivered by their valor—hastening to the spot, and dwelling, but only for a little while, 'a weeping hermit there.' The sentiment, too, is profound: 'How sleep the brave!' not how sweetly, soundly, happily! for all these are included in the simple apostrophe, 'How sleep the brave!' Then in that lovely line,

"By all their country's wishes blest,"

is implied every circumstance of loss and lamentation, of solemnity at the interment, and posthumous homage to their memory, by the three-fold personages of the scene—living, shadowy, and preternatural beings. As for thought, he who can hear this little dirge 'sung' as it is by the 'unseen form' of the author himself, who cannot die in it, without having thoughts as thick as motes that people the sunbeams, thronging through his mind, must have a brain as impervious to the former as the umbrage of a South American forest to the latter. There are in it associations of war, peace, glory, suffering, life, death, immortality, which might furnish food for a midsummer day's meditation, and a midwinter night's dream afterward, could June and December be made to meet in a poet's reverie."

We have thus given one answer to the question, "What is poetry?" How far correct, or how satisfactory it may be, we do not pretend to affirm. It may be of some service, possibly, to that class of literary scribblers who daily daub foolscap with crooked marks and lines, and

"Who fagot their notions as they fall,
And if they rhyme and rattle, all is well."

Should such unfortunate victims of the *cacoethes scribendi* be in the least benefited by our remarks, our object will be attained, and our pen not be resumed on a theme alike difficult and disagreeable to one who pays no homage at the altar of the Nine.

INCONSISTENCIES OF INFIDELES.

It is a singular fact in the history of infidelity, that while its abettors have been themselves dissolute and licentious, they have always admired virtue in others. We have a striking exemplification of this in the case of the celebrated English infidel, Collins, who, on being asked by Lord Barrington how it was, that, though he had no religion himself, he took special care to have his servants attend regularly at church, replied, "I do it that they may not rob and murder me." Bolingbroke made equal concessions in favor of Christianity, declaring, to a friend, that there was nothing in the world so well adapted to the promotion of the peace of mankind as it. Jesus Christ, according to Thomas Paine, was an amiable and virtuous man, and his morality was above all reproach, and of the most benevolent kind. How melancholy and yet how true the saying of Dr. Young,

"How disbelief affirms what it denies!"

AUTUMN.

BY AN AUTHOR.

The leaves around me falling
Are preaching of decay;
The hollow winds are calling,
'Come, pilgrim, come away.'

SPRING came with her flowers, her laughing rills, and smiling plains, and with them passed away.

Summer followed—summer, with her early morning twilight, her deep-hushed sultriness of noon, and tranquil decline of evening—and summer too is gone.

Autumn is here. The harvests have been gathered in. The fields are now bare and desolate; the skies, once mild and sunny, have assumed a dark, tempestuous aspect; the flowers, that, bending with morning dew, opened their leaves to the genial rays of the sun, or shed their fragrance upon the breeze, are broken in their stems, crushed in their bloom, and lie scattered, lifeless, upon the ground; the woodland umbrage has disappeared, while the blast sweeps remorselessly through the leafless branches.

Such is the world around us, such its changes, and such its condition. And while thus viewing it, we are led to ask whether there is any analogy between our condition and its condition. Ages since, the prophet Isaiah, as he was addressing his fellow-countrymen, remarked unto them, "We all do fade as a leaf;" and the remark is equally true and applicable in our day.

A leaf in autumn, all withered and sere, clinging with a single thread, and liable every moment to be carried from its parent tree by the passing wind, is indeed a frail object; yet not less frail is man. In infancy, how helpless, how utterly incapable of assisting himself, of administering to his slightest want, is man, the type of all frailty and weakness! If not fed, he must starve; if not supplied with drink, he must die of thirst; if not clothed, he must perish through cold.

In manhood's prime, how like the withered leaf, torn and driven by the wind! When he imagines himself strong and immovable—when he exalts himself as a god, how impotent and contemptible does he become! Is he on the sea, the storm defies, and the winds and waves drive him at their will. Is he on the land, the monuments of his greatness yield to the destroying touch of time.

Durability belongs not to the works of man. Whatever in them is excellent, or magnificent, or beautiful, is transitory; in a few months or years their glory is extinguished.

They fade, and on the heaving tide,
Rolling its stormy waves afar,
Are borne the wrecks of human pride,
The broken wrecks of fortune's war.

In age man is like the withered leaf. How dim his sight, how feeble his step, how palsied his frame,

how sunken his eye, and how like death his very existence! The duration of a leaf is short—as short as it is frail in its texture; and such, too, is the life of man.

A leaf when withered becomes disunited from its stem. Death is such a disunion—the separation of the soul from the body. Every man living must undergo this change. And when amid the autumn woods, it were well for us to consider the falling of the leaves as premonishing us of the separation that must soon take place between our bodies and our souls. We should be reminded that we belong to another world—a spiritual and eternal.

If we are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God—if we are seeking our chief enjoyment in the poor and perishable things of the present world, we are unprepared for that which is to come. Happiness that lasts while life lasts is not happiness: it may have the semblance, but it has not the substance of happiness. True happiness is perpetual happiness: it is a happiness which arises from doing the will of God.

"In vain we seek a heaven below the sky;
The world has false but fleeting charms:
Its distant joys show big in our esteem;
But lessen still as they draw near the eye;
In our embrace the visions die,
And when we grasp the airy forms,
We lose the pleasing dream."

A life spent in the service of God is a life of happiness: a life spent in contravening his will is a life of essential misery. If we are not doing God's will we are doing our own. If we are doing our own, we are sowing to the flesh, and we shall of the flesh reap corruption; but if we are doing the will of our Father in heaven, we are sowing to the Spirit, and shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

When the leaf withers it is parted from its sister leaves. When death comes man is separated from his fellow-man. His hopes are often blasted in the bud, and his fondly-cherished expectations never realized. Sorrow and disappointment meet him on all hands. Just when he has laid the plan of a long and happy life—when he has chosen his friends, and is beginning to enjoy that little circle in which he would desire to live for ever, an unexpected stroke ends his schemes, and quiets his spirit in the repose of the grave.

The ever-passing events of this world proclaim that man's abiding place is not here. He is journeying to the tomb. How often is his pathway darkened by the clouds of adversity! How often is he called to weep over the loved and lost, and feel soon that he must go hence!

In vain the icy hand we fold,
In vain the breast with tears we steep;
The heart that shar'd each pang is cold,
The vacant eye no more can weep.

"We must *all* die and be as water spilt on the ground," said the woman of Tekoah.

"It is appointed unto man once to die; and after death the judgment." No one possessed of his senses can for a moment question the truth of the proposition announced in these words. Denial of it would be denial of our being. Revelation, experience, and observation, all conspire to force the unwelcome declaration upon our heart; and, however much we may strive to evade its power, the decree still is, *Thou must die.*

There is not a spot where human footsteps tread, that does not, in the fleeting history of its inmates, give the lesson of their mortality. Is it the household? Death enters, and spares neither the bright nor the beautiful—neither the young nor the fair. Is it the Church? They who promised much, whose lives were those of piety and usefulness, are first called away, and others left to fill the void. Is it the village? Every year, every month, yea, every week, we hear of some one of our friends and kindred whose pilgrimage is finished, whose race is run, and whose names are destined, ere long, to fade from the remembrance of all living.

Yet men live as though they were to live here for ever. They carry on their designs, and are so intent in their projects, that death would seldom seem to intrude itself upon their thoughts. The stream of time still hurries onward,

"Resistless in its mighty flood;"

but where are the inhabitants of its banks? We have towns and cities—we have works of genius and art; but where are the founders of the former, or the designers of the latter?

"Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" Where is the glowing cheek, the open brow, the eagle eye of youth? where their busy hands, their burning hearts, their melting voices? and where are the "old familiar faces?" Alas! that manly brow has moldered since to dust; that freshened cheek is cold and pallid now, that eagle eye is quelled; those hands, those hearts, those voices have ceased to melt, to move, to breathe, or burn. GONE—GONE—THEY ALL ARE GONE.

BREEZE OF THE PRAIRIES.

—
BY ISAAC JULIAN.
—

BREEZE of the prairies! whither dost thou roam?
Whence doth thy swift, exhaustless current come?
Pouring life and beauty out o'er the grassy plain,
Spreading health and gladness o'er nature's wide domain,
Giving gentle kisses to the groves and leafy bowers,
Freighted with perfume from shining beds of flowers,
Scattering far the breath of pestilence away,
Giving life and pleasure to triumph o'er decay.

Breeze of the prairies! how I bless thee now,
While thy cooling influence plays around my brow!

Full, free, and constant is thy mighty pow'r,
In winter's dreary reign, or summer's sultry hour;
Boundless scenes of beauty spread on ev'ry side,
Constantly rejoicing in thy exhaustless tide;
Nature's balmy treasures all to thee are given,
Gather'd from ten thousand spots beneath the circling heaven.

Breeze of the prairies! could the bustling throng,
Who daily pour the city's streets along,
But feel one draught of thy enliv'ning breath,
They'd own their present life were verging unto death.

How many a cheek would glow with health more bright!

How many an eye resume its brilliant light!
How many a mind, to gloomy thoughts a prey,
Revive at nature's touch, serenely gay!

Breeze of the prairies! undefiled and free,
Thou art an emblem fit of *liberty*.
Such may'st thou be, throughout all time to come,
On thy broad plains, my own green western home!
Where late the free-born Indian press'd the sod,
Owning no master but our common God,
Be it ours to make the sentiment our own,
And cry, *We know no king but God alone!*
While Mississippi pours his turbid tide,
So long, fair land! be this thy dearest pride;
And truth impartial shall record thy name,
If last, the brightest on the roll of fame!

THE DEATH OF COKE.

—
BY MOLIA.
—

The bell tolled far on the broad, blue sea,
As the pennon stream'd out midway up the mast;
And they gather'd around at its solemn sound,
To gaze on the dead, whose sorrows were past.

O, the one who lies where the fair blue skies
And the summer sun ne'er again shall cheer him,
Had a heart as mild as a little child,
That to his weeping friends shall long endear him.

For he that has died was a warrior tri'd,
A faithful leader in the blood-stain'd throng,
And his every thought with such love was fraught,
That his words were sweet as an angel's song.

A tomb and sweet flowers, if the lov'd were ours,
Should rise where the dead is calmly sleeping;
But his restings there are as bright and fair
As though friends all night their watch were keeping.

The voice has grown still, the warrior is chill,
And the sportive waves speed on above him;
But his swelling song still echoes along,
In the hearts of those who fondly love him.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1847.

THE LIFE OF JESUS.

Νοῦς μὲν ἐν τυχῇ, τυχῆν δὲ ἐν σώματι ἀργεῖ,
Ἡμίας οὐκαπέδην πατεῖς αὐθόντες τε θεῖς τε.—ORPHEUS.

THE title of this piece conveys to my mind a meaning, which I have not seen expressed, so far as I now remember, by any writer; and, I confess, I sit down to the task of drawing it out, as well as I shall be able, with no ordinary pleasure. Amidst the noise and bustle of the world, surrounded by every variety of its sin and wickedness, it is a source of the purest satisfaction to be able to find one character absolutely unsullied by its contact. If, also, the life of Jesus is the pattern after which we are to model our own conduct, it is the duty and interest of every individual to acquire a true conception of it in all its features. Having written on many topics, some literary, some moral, and some religious, each adapted to a different class of readers, I now take my pen with a pleasing consciousness, that my present subject will commend itself to all classes.

And yet the life of Jesus, considered after the ordinary acceptance of the words, might not be so attractive to every person; for, without second thought, the reader would be led by them to expect a mere repetition of the well-known incidents of his earthly residence. But these facts of his history are not the life of Jesus. They are only the outward manifestations of that life. The life itself is an internal work, employing all his faculties, physical, mental, and spiritual. The visible acts performed by Jesus were only occasional, interrupted by successive periods of withdrawal from public observation. His life, however, was constant, continuous, and progressive.

The theologian, in treating of the life of Jesus, feels bound to regard it in its divine and human aspects. The Christian philosopher, on the contrary, though embracing the same distinction, and aiming at a common object, may follow another division of his subject. Without ever losing sight of the acknowledged divinity of Jesus, he may contemplate his physical, mental, and spiritual life, without reference to theology, and show in what sense it is yet to be realized, in its threefold bearings, by the world around us.

History, in its rich details of the life of Jesus, has uttered not a word in relation to his person. It would seem that a watchful Providence had guarded and kept this silence. Nor is it to be lamented, though many an artist, many a gay dreamer, many a man of speculative fancy, has lamented it. But these artists, these thoughtless dreamers, these poetic speculators, are the very men, against whom was devised this caution. It was intended, that the life of Jesus, and not his person, should be our model. Had the historian given us, with descriptive detail, his form and features, his image, drawn and colored by the pencil, or carved in transparent marble, or pictured in words to the adoring fancy, would have become our idol.

Enough, however, has been revealed, to give us a satisfactory conception of the physical life of Jesus. We have every reason to believe, that, as a man, he was a perfect being. With every single faculty and organ as it should be, there reigned between them a

harmony of action of the utmost beauty and perfection. The temperaments, also, we must suppose, were in him most nicely balanced. The laws of life and health were implicitly regarded. His appetites and instincts, founded on the physical organization, though fully developed, maintained a quiet submission to the superior powers of his nature. His senses, alive to the impressions for which they were respectively created, were pure and unperverted. Every function of his body, we are bound to believe, was in a perfectly healthy operation. Having never transgressed the laws of his physical existence, he must have possessed his natural strength and vigor. With these advantages of person, his general aspect, whose features have not been given us, must have been marked by the highest degree of dignified and manly beauty. The natural result, also, of such a combination of personal qualities, could have been nothing less than the most pure and unruffled pleasure. In a word, health, strength, beauty, and pleasure, the four great indices of a perfect animal organization, as laid down by the almost unerring genius of Lord Bacon, were the natural endowments of the physical life of Jesus, who, though submitting to the weaknesses incident to our being, possessed the infirmities of human nature only in its highest perfection, and exhibited in his person that full and harmonious development of every bodily function, which is now so universally sought after, and almost as generally despised of, as the first and leading object of a complete education.

The mental life of every intellectual being, though consisting entirely of the operations of the soul, is based directly on the structure and functions of the body. It is the life of the soul dependent on sensation. It is that activity of the faculties resulting from its habitual contact with a material organization. The senses, receiving numerous impressions from the world of matter, convey them instantly to the soul, which, thus set in motion, perceives, reflects, reasons, and resolves, living on the influences given to it from without.

Jesus, by taking upon himself our nature, lived and honored this kind of life. Possessing so faultless a physical organization, his mental life was most beautiful and perfect. His body, all harmonious in itself, was in perfect subordination to the soul, not only constituting for it a means of communication with the material world, but rendering to it the most faithful testimonies of external nature, and sending through each avenue incessant streams of joy. Within, all was order and delight. The inferior powers, which, in mankind at large, usurp superiority, and work such discord in the mind, in him were each subordinate to the faculty standing next above them in dignity and command. Sensation was the servant of perception; perception was subject to reflection; reflection preceded and served the higher faculty of reason; and reason itself submitted to the supreme authority of conscience, which, in Jesus only of all the race of man, was the perfect rescript of the eternal law of right. The heart, with all its affections, emotions, and desires, though feebly alive to every surrounding object, was completely balanced in its activity, consummately discriminative of moral qualities, eschewing what is evil, and instinctively pursuing the good, the beautiful, and the true. The will, also, the great executive of the mind, fully and fairly informed by the sensitive, percipient, reflective, and rational faculties, sustained by a deep and abiding consciousness of right,

warmed to action by the love of doing good, constrained by the heaven-born desire to work the death of sin, diverted by no passion, but impelled by every exalted motive, possessed a purity and an energy of resolve above the reach and almost beyond the conception of the truest and best of men.

The third order or degree of life, that of the soul acting independent of the body, was superlatively illustrious in the history of Jesus. He lived, while here in the flesh, a spiritual life, which, so far from seeking aid of our physical or even our intellectual faculties, requires a suspension of all sensual and worldly thought, soars above the fleeting phenomena of the material and mental world, and draws its support from a contemplative trust in those eternal truths, which neither sense nor science could reveal. Pained, almost continually, by the ignorance, the superstition, and the wickedness of men, in the very midst of his arduous and sublime work of removing these evils from the world, he was accustomed to retire from the busy marts of his native land, and from the company of his nearest and almost his only friends, and spend long seasons in the silent enjoyment of the spiritual life. To his disciples, who, on a certain occasion, pressed him to take bread, he replied, that he had meat to eat which they knew not of; for, though they had been his daily companions, they had not then learned the nature of this most exalted activity and happiness of the soul. Few men fully understand it now. Christianity, which is the science of the spiritual life, is studied in almost every light, but the one in which its true glory might be seen; and the Bible, the great interpreter of this life, by more than half the Christian world, has been banished from the sight of men, and by the remainder too generally lowered, debased, and misapplied.

But life, whatever be its degree or kind, must have its nourishment; and its real character may be always clearly illustrated by the nature of its support. The physical life, not only of Jesus, but of mankind in general, must be sustained by the products of the material universe. By this manner of existence, we stand connected, not only to the earth, but to all those heavenly bodies, which, by their heat, light, and gravitation, give to our planet its motions, its seasons, and its vegetative powers. Appetite, which, in Jesus, was the same as in other men, is the connecting link between the living body and this vast system of support.

The food of the mental life is knowledge, which, in an endless variety of forms, is impressed on every thing we hear, smell, taste, touch, or see. There is, in this way of speaking, a sort of intellectuality in matter, to which we have universal access through the medium of sense.

The spiritual life, being above all dependence on the body, and consequently independent of that material fabric, by which the body is supported and the mind furnished, receives no succors from either appetite or sense, but draws its aliment directly from the spiritual or ideal world. Devotion, or the exercise of the religious sentiment, is the means which introduces the soul to this real though invisible theatre of life. The religious sentiment is the bond itself which binds us to this supernal sphere. While we are engaged in deep spiritual contemplation, in worship, or in prayer, the Spirit of the Highest, which rules supreme throughout this empyreal world, passing by appetite and sense, holds converse with the soul direct, impresses it with the

forms of everlasting and universal truth, and feeds it with more than ambrosial delights.

In each of these three modes of life, Jesus, the pattern of them all, enjoyed a depth and perfection of experience peculiar to himself. As a physical being, while partaking of the meats and drinks of this world, with greater clearness than we can conceive, he referred them all to their final source. True, they were the products of the visible universe, but the universe was the work of God. In his mental life, to whatever form of intelligence he turned his eye, he saw in it but the impress of the eternal Mind. Laying off the influence of time and sense, and entering more emphatically into the spiritual state, he then enjoyed the unmixed and unclouded splendor of celestial light. Divine himself, every thing around him was divine; for every object that met him, in either of the three states of life, was but a medium through which he looked to God.

But the life of Jesus is the representative of our own. Our own is but the defaced and fallen image of himself. To restore our nature is only to return to him. Christianity, as a system of operations, is the means of reinstating us, so far as it can now be done, into the full vigor of this threefold life. Being universal in its nature, and unbounded in its aim, it proposes to raise the individual, the nations of the world, and the world itself, to this triple glory of the state of man. Characterized, as it ever is, by the utmost decision and energy, it does not commence its work with the lowest of the three styles of life, and pass slowly and methodically upward to the last; but, seizing the strong-hold first, works immediate redemption in the more vital part, and trusts the full achievement of its task to the lapse of time.

The individual, then, is the first to be restored, and his restoration begins with his spiritual state. Before any thing can be adequately effected for a man, he must be born again. The soul, which is the centre of all life, must first of all be saved. The kingdom of God and his righteousness must first be sought; for philosophy itself, when properly informed, peremptorily affirms, that the disease of humanity is incurable, until this great work is done.

Next, the mind, deranged and distorted in the majority of men, gradually yields to the regenerating power of the spiritual life. The same divine influence which saves the soul, will, in the end, if allowed to act, descend into the region of the intellectual faculties, and restore them to their natural and healthy state. A man never perceives so clearly, reflects so well, or reasons with such precision, as when his soul is saved from the power of sin, and his redeemed spirit is in the full enjoyment of its peculiar life. The proper order of the faculties is then regained. Science is no longer lost in sense; to the reason lust is no longer law; and the passions, calmed by a voice supreme, disturb no more the quiet of the mind. History, so far as I have read it, furnishes no example of a person, whose intellectual powers were perfectly balanced and in all ways right, in whom there was not a decided manifestation of the life of faith. He who has traveled most largely through the classic world, and read attentively the immortal works of both Greece and Rome, has felt this fact at every step. Those very men, he finds, whose genius has scarcely been equaled by their fame, wanted the true poise of well-balanced minds, and, for the lack of this redeeming virtue, fell into the lowest superstitions

of their age; while, on the other hand, the remainder of the Pagan world has hardly furnished us a specimen of any sort of thinker or reasoner at all. Nothing is more certain, either of philosophy or of fact, than the unqualified necessity, to the attainment of a well-ordered intellectual course, of first securing the indwelling, transforming, and guiding influence of this highest style of life.

When the spiritual and mental faculties are gained, it is not so difficult a task to give them the ascendancy over the physical life; for, whatever were the habits of a man in his depraved and fallen state, every evil practice will be eschewed, so soon as his soul is purified and saved; and the discontinuance of bad conduct, at every stage of a man's career, is emphatically the first step to his restoration to the happiness, beauty, strength, and health of body, by lust or license lost. Experience, also, has completely shown, that no agency known to man, if the power of the Christian religion is set aside, is adequate to redeem even the physical life of a fallen man. Habit, that iron-hearted despot, binds such shackles on us all, as human resolution can seldom, if ever, break; while some have made vice so much their custom, have so interwoven it into the very texture of their daily course, that they have scarcely a wish to lead a better life, nor the energy to undertake it if desired. Sinking into ruin by a slow but sure descent, they would universally fall into the lowest depths of misery and despair, were there no arm to save them stronger than their own. But, when the arm of power is revealed, and extends to the sinking victim of vice a hand, it raises not only his spiritual and mental faculties to their proper state, but the poor, frail, bruised, and broken body to a degree of purity and bliss. Every Christian nation has now its thousands, who, once the diseased and dying wretches of every form of sin, have become the patterns of the physical, no less than of the spiritual and mental, life.

In this same way, my reader, nations, as well as individuals, are yet to be redeemed. If you would civilize and save a nation, then, first of all, Christianity must be preached, and the spiritual life must be held up to view. Nothing must be allowed to precede this work. Until this is done, every effort will be made in vain. The arts of industry, the attempts of government, and the science of the schools will fail, until Christianity, going before, opens them a way. Not one of the more enlightened empires of antiquity, from Babylon to Rome, could spread its peculiar civilization over the nations conquered by its arms; and modern history has most distinctly shown, that, without the Bible, without Christianity, without the cardinal elements of its faith, there is no agency on earth equal to the task of civilizing the smallest barbaric people in the world. Both France and England, as well as several other nations, have given to mankind their experience and convictions on this point; while the policy of every Roman pontiff, from Innocent the Third to the Pius of our day, has demonstrated, by his success, that Christianity, even when depraved, is stronger than any other weapon wielded in the cause of civilization and of man.

When the soul of a nation, if I may so say, is saved, or fairly on the road to a high spiritual life, the intellectual character may then be successfully undertaken and built up. Prior to this, however, it is impossible to do it with success. The philosophy of a people must be defective, where they are wrong in faith; and education,

the unerring index of the intellectual life, is always directly based on the philosophical opinions of those whom it represents. These are facts which every genuine philosopher understands. Without true religion, therefore, it is vain for any country to strive after an intellectual character in any sense perfect or complete. Could a nation of materialists, for example, who would deny the existence of every thing but matter, and consequently repudiate the belief of an immaterial part, undertake to foster and build up the intellectual or mental life? It would be a contradiction to the first principles of their faith. Would a nation of pantheists, who regard man only as a part of the universal divinity, in whom God is gradually developing himself from one day and generation to another, give themselves any farther trouble, than passively to submit to the divine agent operating from within? Men seldom make efforts with no end in view. Let their philosophy, however, convince them, that they are endowed with an intellectual nature, mainly depending on itself for cultivation, and they will naturally take some pains to educate and improve it. Should their religion, also, be true enough to inform them respecting the proper order of the mental faculties, and the necessity of producing a certain harmony in their action, their efforts will then be philosophical, and be crowned at last with the triumph of success. A nation, therefore, with true religion—and none is true but the religion of the cross—possesses the only certain foundation for the superstructure of a perfect mental life.

But the physical character of a people is equally dependent on their faith. If the health and strength of an individual, together with the symmetry and happiness of his bodily organization, are made or marred by his personal habits, a religion enjoining the utmost purity of life can be nothing less than the highest benefactor to the animal part of man. Individuals diseased by vice, with bodies emaciated or bloated by excess, are not prevented from mixing their corrupt blood with that of the more temperate and healthy of mankind. Their infirmities, the fruit of their bad morals, in this way mingle with the common mass. Those, indeed, who keep themselves pure and strong, behold their offspring, in their matrimonial alliances, reaping the harvest of other men's sins. In this manner, in spite of the exertions and virtues of the few, man's blood becomes corrupt, and gradually degenerates in proportion to the number of the vicious and the vile. Thus far in the history of mankind, the mixing of the races has preserved the human family from rapid and irretrievable decay. But this practice has nearly spent its force. They are now almost completely mixed; and we have much less, hereafter, to anticipate from this source. But virtue, the natural product of religion, is an eternal power. The more it is employed, in this great work of purifying the race, the greater will be its force. Multiplying its conquests continually, and receiving new accessions from day to day, like a noble river swelling in its course, it will gradually augment its volume as it flows along. A lively fancy, perceiving the parentage of virtue, might pronounce Christianity the very goddess of the stream.

But the threefold life of Jesus, so necessary to individuals and to nations, is no less applicable to the general brotherhood of men. We are born of one blood, and possess a common nature; and the religion adapted to one person, or to one nation, will meet the demands

equally of all. There are relations, also, between the several countries of the globe, which constitute the basis of a threefold life of the world, in nearly all respects similar to that already twice illustrated and applied. However we may be severed by rivers, and seas, and mountain ranges, as a great family of nations we are one and inseparable. In this sense, and not as a certain philosopher has thought, the world has a soul, a mind, and, I may add, a body too; and the life of each has its peculiar province, from which it derives its necessary support. Nations, in this great individuality of the race, are the same as individuals in a nation. If, therefore, the world is to be regenerated on this universal scale, the work of reform is to be strictly national. In this enterprise all countries have a common interest. One people, like one person, may attain to a high spiritual, or mental, or physical perfection; but it cannot sever itself from the contact of other people. That very religion, also, which embraces the internal and inferior destinies of single states, and goes down to the condition of the humblest individual on the globe, is great enough to grasp the grand international principles by which the world is governed as a whole.

The physical life of the world, supported by commerce, whatever presidents and princes may think of it, comes directly under the jurisdiction of Christianity; for the golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," will yet be found to be the fundamental maxim of the laws of trade. The world's mental life, sustained by the liberty of thought, will reach its utmost vigor only when the Bible shall have spread over all the earth the doctrine of the absolute equality, in the sight of God, of every individual of the race. The spiritual life of humanity, founded on the relations of the human family to Him who created and redeemed us all, now almost without a being, will have fairly begun its glorious career, when the inhabitants of all lands shall learn, what only Christianity has taught, that men are not their own, but the property of the one eternal God, and were created to serve him, now and for ever, in spirit and in truth.

In this way, my reader, the threefold life of Jesus is to become, so far as our fallen nature will admit, the triple life of man. Not only individuals, but nations, and the world at large, may find the pattern of their physical, mental, and spiritual life in him. It is fundamentally wrong to suppose, that Jesus, who came to take away the sin of the world, deals with individuals only, and has no concern in the principles by which states, and the destinies of humanity itself, are swayed. The longer I live, and the more I dwell on this standing theme, the higher are my conceptions of the Christian plan, and the less are my expectations of every human project of reform. I am strongly inclined to think, that, in the religion of the Bible, in the life of Jesus, we might find every reform of which the world has need. The only society, or association, it seems to me, capable of accomplishing any lasting good, in bringing back humanity to its lost estate, is that ordained by Jesus himself to propagate those universal and eternal principles, which formed the groundwork of his own glorious life. I shall be willing, therefore, whenever the age gets ready for such a step, to bid a final farewell to every voluntary association of reform entered into by mankind, and trust to the Church of Jesus, guarded and guided by the living God, for the ultimate and perfect redemption of the world.

Nor have I less confidence in the life of Jesus for the progress of the human race. It is certainly to make a progress. It has a glorious destiny to achieve. But that which sets it right can keep it so; nor have we any chance to be bewildered by a guide, who, traveling on the very road we take, himself always keeps the lead, and never goes astray.

It is not to be wondered at, then, my reader, that the early disciples of Jesus, so soon as they learned the true character of his life, should, with singular enthusiasm, abandon every other leader, and follow the footsteps of their persecuted Lord. They saw in him what their age did not behold. They saw in him the embodiment of all those universal principles, which, when fully developed and adopted by all men, would constitute the salvation, the progress, in a word, the complete civilization of mankind.

But I must close this sketch. It is my profoundest wish, that my reader, by frequent and patient contemplation, may be able to see more and more of excellency, of import, and of regenerating power, in the threefold life which Jesus lived. For myself, I am willing to look to no inferior leader, to follow a no less pure example, and to utter no other name. Here is my hand, reader. Join me in the promise if you will.

CONQUERING ONE'S SELF.

SOME people have a sad way of making themselves miserable. Every little circumstance, not in itself exactly adapted to their foolish and preconceived views, has a tendency invariably to destroy their balance of mind. Hence, they are constantly giving way to anger, and constantly making themselves like one whom Solomon, in one little monosyllable, denominates a fool. Such individuals, were they disposed, might learn a profitable lesson from an old king of Syria, whose name was Antigonus, and who repeatedly heard some of his soldiers reviling him behind his tent. This he endured with commendable forbearance for some time, not caring particularly to exercise his power in punishing their insults and contumely. At length, however, they became unusually boisterous in their insolence; and the king, without any trepidation of voice, drew aside the curtain of his tent, and observed, "Gentlemen, please remove to a greater distance, for your king hears you."

Here we have a good demonstration of the truth, that he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. There is a truth in the Bible which all time and experience confirm, and which man may never hope to invalidate. It is folly, then, to act in opposition to its teachings, and hope to be happy. Remember this. Remember, too, that he who is slow to wrath is of great understanding; while he who is of a hasty spirit exalteth folly. Guard your lips; keep your heart, and learn that he is greatest who is least disposed to indulge an angry temper.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

LET youth beware of the first false step. The beginning of a matter may appear trivial, but its end may be ruinous. When once a concealment or deceit has been practiced, in matters where all should be plain and open as the day, reputation and character are gone, and gone for ever. There is then no retrieving the matter. On the other hand, where an individual is known for his strict adherence to veracity, his success in life is certain. He will meet with none of those difficulties which are

constantly vexing and obstructing the course of one addicted to falsehood. Petrarch, the Italian poet, is an illustrious example. He maintained the most rigid observance of truth through all his life. A quarrel once took place in the household where he lived, which became so violent as to cause recourse to arms to quell it. The governor of the house wished to know the cause of the affair, and for this purpose assembled all his people, and compelled them, by a most solemn oath, to declare the truth. All submitted to the determination without exception. Petrarch advanced in turn to take the oath, when the governor closed the book, and said, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient." Imitate the example of the great Italian. Abhor and forsake lying. Let candor be your watchword, and truth the guiding star of your existence.

KNOWLEDGE AND HAPPINESS.

THAT an individual, destitute of intellectual culture, may possess a certain degree of happiness, must be admitted by all. The peasant in his cottage is happy. The Indian in his native wilds is happy. The islander in the far-off sea is happy. But the happiness of these individuals is of the lowest character and the most limited extent. Education opens new scenes of pleasure to its possessor. It furnishes objects upon which reason can employ itself, unfolds views where contemplation may love to muse and dwell, and presents fields through which imagination, on its airy wing, may ever rove.

The sources of intellectual pleasure are always with us. Their streams, once flowing, are flowing for ever. Let life be what it may to us; let friends, and wealth, and power depart, still knowledge continues with us, to cheer and gladden our heart. Would you, then, increase your happiness, and add to the number and character of your pleasures, increase your intellectual capacities. Cultivate your mind. Extend the sphere of your knowledge. Drink deep at the Pierian spring, and let no opportunity pass, by which you can add to the treasures of your intellect and heart.

CONTENTMENT.

THE great secret of happiness is a contented mind. No matter where in the wide world you may be, if possessed of a cheerful spirit, you cannot fail to have happiness. To the unrepining heart all things are fair. To the peevish heart every thing is unlovely. Beware, then, of indulging a fretful spirit. Take the world as you find it, and live in your sphere as Heaven would have you. If dwelling in the city or the village, learn to be satisfied. On every hand you will behold enough to delight and to improve. If dwelling in the country, be satisfied and be happy. You have here enough, too, for all your wants and wishes.

"The fountain's fall, the river's flow;
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower,
The waving woods, the fields and farm,
All wish to give to thee a charm."

GRIEF AND GLADNESS.

LIFE is not all sunshine. Clouds and storms are continually arising, and none need hope to perform the journey of life without meeting them in his pathway.

Vain is the thought that man shall live and enjoy life without sorrow.

"See where rosie pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue,
Behind the steps that mis'ry treads,
Approaching comfort's view.
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sable tints of woe,
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life."

We all have our trials here, and it is well we should have them. A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner. Fair skies and perpetual sunlight will not prepare any one for the sterner duties of life. Let the reader who is bowed down and afflicted, think of this, and never for one moment yield to a desponding spirit. Morning follows night. Bitter is often changed to sweet. Sorrow gives place to joy; and he who holds on, through life, "the even tenor" of his way, will find all things working together for his good.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CHRISTIAN.

"THE path of the just shineth more and more unto the perfect day." This is one of the finest illustrations of the progress of the Christian ever penned by man in any age or time. You have watched the slow approach of dawn. You have seen, at first, in the gray east, the dim and distant glimmering of light struggling to rise above the horizon. Then followed a light clearer and stronger, illumining mountain height and ocean isle; and at last the sun himself, in full majesty, arose and bathed the world with his myriad beams. You have witnessed all, and in the ecstasy of your soul have acknowledged the grandeur of the scene, and felt your own insignificance and littleness.

It is thus with the Christian character. At first it is scarcely perceived—dimmed and clouded by the mists of infirmity and sin. It shines faintly and feebly on the world, and gives but little sign of its ever arising and dispelling the darkness around; but gradually it peers above the barrier that obscured its brightness, bursts every surrounding cloud, and, having reached its highest heaven, and passed into another sphere, "it shines as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever."

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

DR. JOHNSON had two dialects; one was pure English, the other Johnsonese. His letters from the Hebrides to his hostess, Mrs. Thrale, are a specimen of the former; his Journey to the Hebrides is a specimen of the latter. "When we were taken up stairs," he observes, in one of his letters, "a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed on which one of us was to lie." The same event is thus stated in his Journey: "Out of one of the beds on which we were to repose, started up, at our entrance, a man as black as a Cyclops from the forge."

PUNCTUALITY.

"I GIVE it," said the late Dr. Fisk, "as my deliberate and solemn conviction, that the individual who is habitually tardy in meeting an appointment, will never be respected or successful in life." There is some severity in the remark; but we endorse it as a truth sustained and corroborated by all the observation which, in our short life, we have been able to make, and which the experience of none can possibly invalidate.

NOTICES.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. No. XXVII.
Harper & Brothers: New York.—This work is rapidly passing through the press. It is really a standard production, and increases in interest as it comes nearer to our own times. It has already obtained a popularity in this country, and will probably acquire more. Swormstedt & Mitchell.

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, and the Court of France in the Sixteenth Century. By Miss Pardoe. Illustrated and Embellished. *Harper & Brothers: New York.*—The age of Louis the Fourteenth was the Augustan age of France. It gave birth to her ablest generals, her profoundest statesmen, her wisest sages, and her greatest men. It was the age in which history, philosophy, poetry, and all the arts, acquired in France their highest life. French civilization, beginning in the eighth century, culminated in the sixteenth, and has ever since continued to decline. We have not read this work of Miss Pardoe; but her subject, certainly, is an attractive one, and will invite many readers to her pages. Sold by Swormstedt & Mitchell.

THE WESTERN LANCET, and Medical Library. Edited by L. M. Lawson, M. D.—This is an able work, and should be extensively patronized by the profession for which it is designed. We esteem it more highly than any other of its class, which makes its appearance at our desk. It will hereafter be published in Cincinnati, its editor having resigned his situation at Transylvania, and accepted a professorship in the Medical College of this state. May success follow him wherever he may go!

THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANT AND YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND. William C. Brown, Editor and Publisher. *Boston.*—This is a sterling work, and loses no good quality by its age. It is now in its eleventh volume. Its editor is one of the most indefatigable of men. His personal qualifications fit him eminently for such a work as he is monthly giving forth. The contributors, also, to his work, or at least some of them, write remarkably well. But we are sorry he cannot afford to keep all those able pens, who have written for him in other days. Some writers, possessing some fame, and getting good pay from the trashy but more popular periodicals of the day, began their career with my old friend Brown. They ought to remember him, as often, at least, as once a quarter, for the hand of encouragement held out to them in their hour of need.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH. *Louisville.*—We have read this document, with here and there a skip, entirely through. It speaks well. It breathes a determined spirit. It promises much good. We hope the cause it advocates will perform all it promises to do.

FIFTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF THE WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE. *Cincinnati, Ohio. 1847.*—This is a noble institution, an honor to the city, to the state, and to the whole west. It owes its present standing mainly to its efficient Board of Trustees, who seem to be determined that no institution shall excel it in any way at all. It has, also, a large and experienced Faculty, who devote a great deal of time and care to their important work. The Principal, Rev. P. B. Wilber, has consecrated all his talents to it, and thinks of nothing else. His lady, highly

educated and accomplished, exerts a peculiar influence over the numerous pupils under her daily charge. The other teachers, with whom we have no special acquaintance, are said to possess all the needful qualifications for their important work. There must be somewhere a powerful attractive influence in this school, or it would not be so constantly overrunning with patronage from year to year. The late agent, Rev. William Young, has served the institution faithfully, and exerted his fine talents with unexpected success. Long may this female college live to bless the daughters of our fair and happy land!

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE continues to reach us regularly; and it is certainly the best thing of its class extant. It gathers its gems from every quarter, and scatters them with a liberal hand. Its only defect is the want of space. It is impossible, in so few pages, to fill up the grand idea of such a work. Short articles are not always best. As a general thing, we have found, in our own acquaintance with the best periodicals of this country, and of Europe, too, that the lengthy pieces generally excel. A great subject cannot be dispatched in a single breath; and, in this age, nothing but a great subject can be rendered interesting to the better class of minds. But the Living Age does well, and even better than any other publication of its kind.

CATALOGUE OF THE CORPORATION, FACULTY, AND STUDENTS, OF THE OHIO CONFERENCE HIGH SCHOOL, at Springfield, Ohio. 1846-7.—This is a good seminary of learning, ably conducted by Rev. S. Howard, a gentleman of fine classical and general attainments, and possessed of a noble spirit. He is assisted by Professor E. Dial, who, as we know by personal acquaintance, possesses a well-trained mind, a liberal education, fine manners, and a resolution, as a scholar, not to be overcome. Under such management, the seminary must succeed.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, for September, is on our table. It is to us interesting chiefly for containing an article by Professor Lewis, styled Classical Criticisms, a most pungent reply of that gentleman to an attack made on him in a former number of the Knickerbocker, written, as Professor Lewis thinks, by Charles Astor Bristed. We would advise our classical friends to get the number, and read this article. It is a biter.

VAN COURT'S COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR visits us regularly, and is we think one of the very best and safest detectors in the country. A financier of our acquaintance, a man learned in the literature of banks, affirms that it never fails. If that be so, every body ought to have it. Philadelphia, J. Van Court.

GUNDY AND BACON'S COMMERCIAL INSTITUTE, *Cincinnati, Ohio. 1847.*—We have received the annual Catalogue of this flourishing institution, which is generally regarded one of the best of its kind in the United States. Not long since we had the pleasure of visiting it in person, and looking in upon the large concourse of students hard at work in preparation for a business life. The instruction, in this institution, is very comprehensive, so far as the home business is concerned; and a suggestion, which we recently had the temerity to make to Mr. Gundry, of introducing the study of the languages and commercial affairs of foreign nations, was received with commendation. It is enough to say, that we think this institution, so far as the west is concerned, without a rival.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE November number of the Repository, good readers, we now suppose to have been safely deposited in your hands. The mails sometimes fail us, and they may occasionally disappoint you. The Repository is always punctually mailed to every subscriber at the proper time; and we have not heard of a single failure for the present year. Every thing seems to go on smoothly in its appointed course.

The contributions for this number furnish a very great variety of matter. The manner, also, happens to be as various as the matter. We make it a point, in every number, to give variety, and such a variety as will harmonize with itself. We intend, so far as possible, that every number shall have specimens of literary, religious, scientific, philosophical, and miscellaneous topics, so interspersed as to divert while they improve the mind.

One more issue will complete the present volume. Perhaps it is time to say something of the next. We are not prepared, however, to say much at present. We will throw out the single hint, that, so far as lies in us, the next volume shall far excel the present. We commenced this work as an apprentice. The past has been a schoolmaster. We think we now see precisely what such a periodical should be, and, by the help of our able contributors, we intend to make it decidedly better than it has been. We know it can be, and so it shall be, done. The embellishments which, by great pains, we have just procured for the coming year, are really far superior to those used in the preceding volumes of this work. Much time, and pains, and money have been expended in procuring these splendid prints; but they will richly repay our patrons for all the efforts and sacrifices they have cost. A large increase, of course, to our subscription list is expected in order to make up for this large outlay of expense. Now, then, if our readers wish to see our efforts patronized, and the trashy and corrupt publications of the day superceded, *let them do their best in recommending the Repository to their friends.* And if they wish to have, after taking the Repository so long, if we are not mistaken, *the best volume ever issued of the work,* let them continue their own subscriptions another year; for, we repeat, we have made such an acquisition of plates, embellishments, and contributors, that but little will be left to our own literary exertions to make it decidedly excel. But those who subscribe shall see.

The article, in this number, by Mr. Disosway, on the character of Wilbur Fisk, will be read with great interest. Another, on the same subject, by Professor Larabee, we had laid over for the next month; but, afterward, thinking that the reader might prefer to have both articles together, we concluded to present them both, though we had given to the printer Professor L.'s usual Miscellany for the month. As he has not appeared in the Repository for several numbers, our readers may not be unwilling to find more than his regular share in this. We have done this the more willingly, because no contributor can complain, as we have actually just put the last scrap of prose contribution into the printer's hands.

Speaking of communications reminds us of an idea conceived a long time ago. For our next volume we wish to enlist our old itinerants, the veterans still lingering on the shores of time, to give us reminiscences of their early days. Some of them, it is true, may think

that their great age would partially if not wholly disqualify them for the task; but we will take the liberty to suggest, that most of them have grandsons or granddaughters, and all of them have young and well-educated friends, whose nimble fingers would run over a page with no ordinary delight, if employed to copy any of those touching scenes, or wonderful escapes, or glorious successes, which they have so often heard from the lips of trembling age. Fathers, permit us to call upon you, through these columns, for these your recollections, which, if you do not see them written down, will soon be buried in your graves. If you do not yet see precisely what we want, we can explain ourselves in a single line: give us just those incidents, stories, anecdotes, and scenes, which you like to tell of your early days. Your children, and your grandchildren, and the rising young, would be delighted to read, each month, some thrilling thing of this nature from your pens. We trust our call will not be in vain.

Some of our younger men, in their frequent communications, have desired to know precisely what sort of communications please us best. It would be very hard to tell. Such is the variety of interesting topics, that a good subject, well written out, can hardly come amiss. The Repository is now read as much by gentlemen as by ladies, and it is the only strictly literary publication of the Church. All literary subjects, which have a practical bearing and a good moral, will be welcome at any time. We wish, also, a good supply of religious articles, composed in an elevated tone, not in the style of sermons, but essays like those of Addison and Johnson. In a word, those topics on which the mind dwells oftenest, and with the most satisfaction, are, in general, those on which any one can write best. They will always prove the most successful in the reading world. When a person is obliged to hunt round for a subject, and, when he finds one, takes no delight in it, it is pretty certain he will not write attractively, whatever pains he takes. The best way, then, for a young writer, is always to have some writing topic on his hands. Let him read, and think, and talk about it with his friends. When he begins to feel ripe on it, and gets warm whenever it comes into his mind, he is then prepared to write, and he should then take up his pen. The act of writing will farther clear up and perfect the theme.

We trust our poets will not be idle for the coming year. They have given us many fine pieces for the present volume. May they be even more bountiful for the year to come!

Although we anticipate a large addition of new contributors for the coming year, including several of the best writers of the day, we here invite all our old friends to continue sending us by every post. By making the communications shorter, and consequently more spirited and pithy, we hope to condense a larger amount of matter into the same compass, and thus to give room for a larger list of articles each month. No one, therefore, who has written for us heretofore, need think of ceasing to write because we promise a large addition of new names.

Now, then, we leave our many friends for another month, hoping they will use their best influence faithfully for the increase of our subscription list, by recommending the Repository, so far as they can conscientiously do it, to their personal friends. We trust our agents, also, will be wide awake.



EXCELSIOR

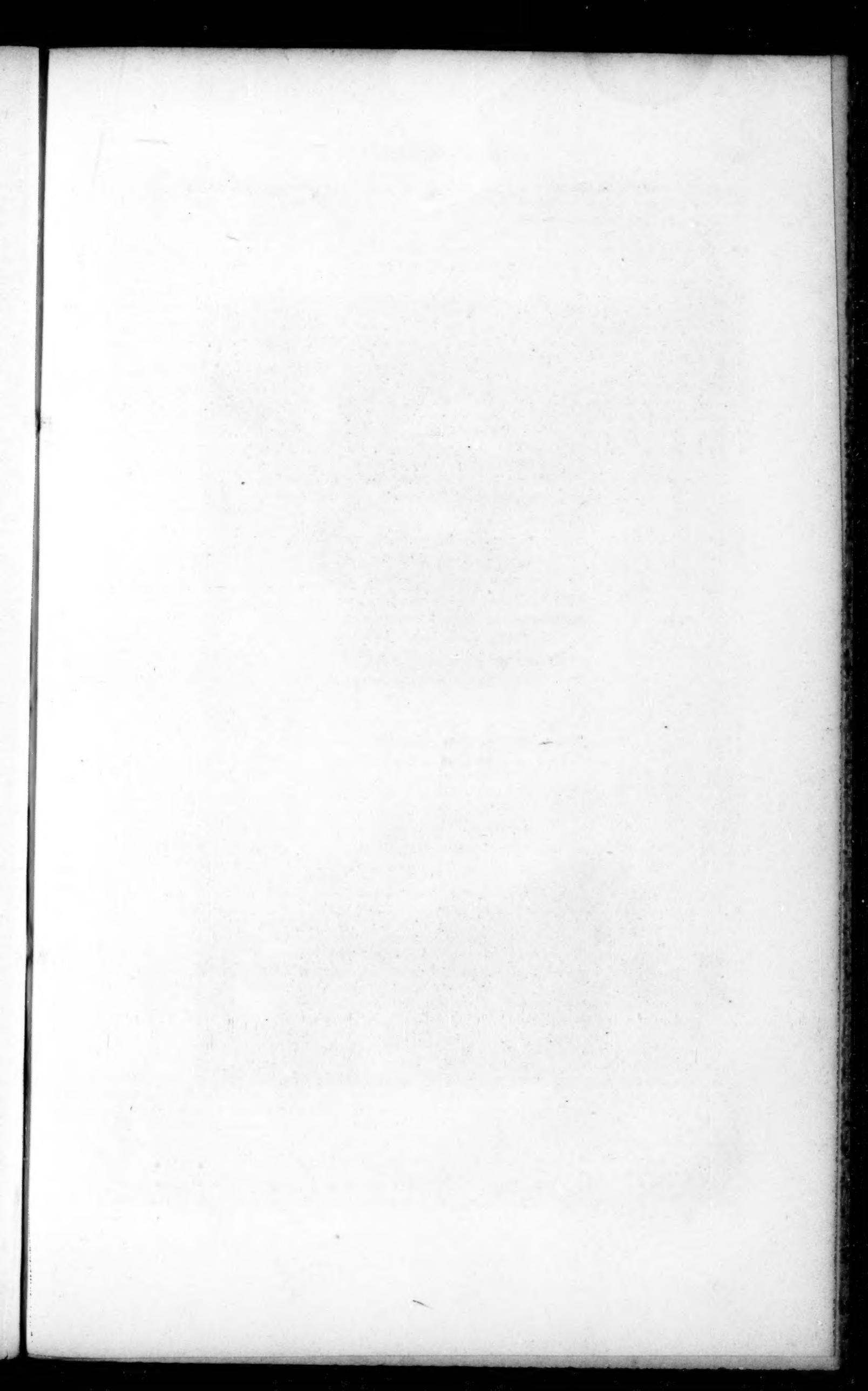
THE CONVERTED MUSICIAN.

BY PRESIDENT WENTWORTH.

ART marked thee for her own, and strung thy soul
With nicest sensibilities. She taught
Thy captive feet to stray in pleasure's halls,
And thread the mazes of the merry dance;
Put to thy lips the quivering clarion reed,
And with its shrillness blent celestial melody.
From her you snatched the witching violin,
And poured your soul upon the wailing strings
In streamy notes, which passion waked or soothed,
Transfusing other fancies with the strains,
That floated wild and dreamy in thine own.
And thy young life was happy, whiled in dreams—
Elysian dreams, in terpsichorean bowers,
Where rhythm and song diffused their soft delights,
And Harmony her tempting sweets displayed.

Religion came, and truth, with mien severe,
And turned the glittering tinselry of art
To base alloy—dissolved her fairy charms,
And duty showed, and high resolve inspired.
A world in ruins rose upon thy view,
The bloody cross, and HE that midway hung
Between the sword of justice and its victim.
And at HIS feet you bowed a penitent,
And, with his love and great commission armed,
Rushed forth, the purchase of his death to save.







A.L.Dick sc.

The Fountain at Withamshire.

T.E.D. Eng.S.E.

A.H.Payne del.